Ma Wren Batten

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A SIMILE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sometimes the lonely voyager of the deeps,
When not a cloud is blown across the sun,
And not a sail breaks with its fleeting wing
The vast and awful round of sea and sky,
And not a sound jars on the brooding hush,
Save the faint lapse beneath the slipping prow;
And the hoarse murmur of abraiding tides,
From out the vague remoteness seems to swell
Like echoes of a long-forgotten world;
The weary wanderer, cursed with solitude,
And yearning for the breath of blowing woods,
The stir and rustle of tumultuous leaves,
The sheen of glancing water, and the cool
Moist touches of the wind upon his brow,
Far on the heaving rim of the great waste,
With hungry, fever-straining eyes beholds,
Dream-like, and floating in a tender haze,
The emerald curves of a fair coast arise,
With purple headlands plunged in silver foam,
With sunny beaches lapt by murmuring waves,
With kingly palms that lift their plumy crests
High over summer woods of drowsy spice—
O'er clustered vine and many branchèd bloom,
Fair fruited boughs that sun their luscious globes
In golden airs; with flitting wings, that break
In dazzles of swift flame; and balmy groves,
That wreathe their blossom-laden arms around
Some joyous fountain singing in the shade.
But further, brighter, as the endless leagues
Of sombre waters slip beneath the prow,
Glows the fair mirage of his fever dream,
Beckoning and receding evermore!
Till on the purple verge of sea and sky
A sudden glory smites—and lo! the sun
From gleaming steep to steep drops slowly down,
Hangs orbed in blinding splendor for a space—
A breath—then dips behind the heaving rim
Of the unquiet deep. And ominous Night,
Vague Silence, and mysterious Solitude,
The sombre Trinity of Darkness, reign.
Till, where the mirage glittered in the sun,
The menacing hand of Tempest reaches out,
And shakes her trailing robes of blackness down
About the frothing seas. * * And morning breaks,
But on the dreary waste of toiling waves
Never again, while changing seasons roll,
The homeless wanderer spreads his lonely sail!
* * * How like the searcher on the sea of Life,
Who seeks with eager prow and straining sail
Some visionary island of Delight
That Fancy in the dim remoteness hails—
Outstrips the fairy harbingers of home,
Drifts past the peaceful havens of Content,
The fair green shores of quiet Usefulness,
And chasing far the phantom of his hope,
Is lost amid the wild and wandering tides
Of baseless dreams and useless theories!
And still the bright chimera lures him on—
Forever seeking, led by vain desires—
Till lo! the day is spent, the darkness falls—
The empty night and darkness of the grave!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS HEROINE.

The scene of my story opens near Blanton, a quiet town in New Jersey, which had been selected by Mrs. Blake, the mother of one of the Rival Sisters, as her home, on account of the reputation of a female school presided over by a very accomplished and elegant woman, named Miss Cranston. Mrs. Blake made her advent in Blanton in the character of a widow who had recently lost her husband, and she brought with her a daughter ten years of age, named Hester, who was placed with Miss Cranston as a pupil.

Hester Blake was a remarkable child, and one her teachers found some difficulty in keeping within conventional bounds; but she was brilliant, fascinating to a remarkable degree, and singularly attractive in person.

Miss Cranston found her a curious study—for that lady was given to analyze character—and to her regret, she found in the mental conformation of her pupil much that made her tremble for the future of the creature she conscientiously endeavored to train to be good and true. "If she is not tempted, all may go well with her," thought the old lady; "but if she is—" and the ominous shake of the head expressed as much as that celebrated one embalmed in history.

Hester's school course was completed, yet her mother still lingered in the quiet nook in which she had found peace after a stormy past, and in which a certain amount of consideration was shown to her on account of the freedom with which she dispensed her income.

Mrs. Blake had fifteen hundred dollars a year, which she stated was derived from property in the South; but where it was situated, and in what place she had lived before she made her advent in Blanton, was a matter of conjecture. No amount of pumping had been successful in extracting such information from either mother or daughter. On that point they were perfectly inaccessible, and it came to be understood that painful incidents in the life of the elder woman was the cause of their reticence.

For a few years the stranger lived almost alone, for her friendless advent among them had not inspired her neighbors with much confidence in her antecedents; but as time went on, she won upon the good opinion of those around her, and at the time my story opens, Mrs. Blake was received as a guest by the best families in the village.

This change was in some measure due to the attractions of her daughter; for Hester had left school three years before the time of which I am writing, and she was the acknowledged belle of the little society in which she figured.

Endowed with the dangerous power to charm every one brought within the sphere of her attractions, the young girl sighed for a wider field in which to display her fascinations. She possessed an enterprising temper, and she chafed against the conventional bounds in which she was held, as only such a nature as hers could have rebelled. A born Bohemienne, she would have been happier had she been a gipsy queen, wandering at her own will, than she was, hedged around with conventionalities.

On the other hand, her mother was morbidly anxious that she should settle down in Blanton permanently, and secure her position by accepting a young physician, named Macon, who had been her devoted adorer for two years past.

The cottage occupied by Mrs. Blake stood about a mile from the town. It was a comfortable house, with a veranda in front, over which flowering vines were trained, and the large yard that surrounded it was shaded by elm-trees. A vegetable garden and small orchard lay in the rear, and beyond them were green meadows, on which two sleek looking cows found pasture. A German and his wife, steady middle-aged people, took charge of the place, and performed all the domestic labor. Mrs. Blake rarely interfered with them, for she professed to know very little about the management of a house.

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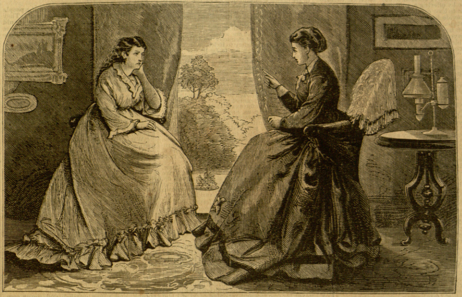

MRS. BLAKE RELATING THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

The summer was almost gone, and early autumn tints were already seen amid the foliage of the distant forest, when the mother and daughter sat together in the room of the latter, and held a communion which was destined to affect the whole future life of the younger woman. Mrs. Blake was leaning back in a lounging chair, in an attitude of indolent repose habitual to her when not excited, and at the moment in which I introduce her, nothing had been said to arouse the sleeping demon that ruled her nature, in spite of the fair seeming she had so long maintained among those with whom she had made good her footing.

She had been a singularly handsome woman, but temper and suffering had lined her brow, and withered the bloom upon her cheeks: at forty-five years of age she was an old woman—old in heart as well as in appearance—and bitter as the Dead Sea fruit were the memories of that past she would have given much to be able to ignore.

Her figure was tall, and straight as an arrow, with a grace of outline that years had not marred; her movements were usually slow, and graceful as those of the gliding serpent, though it was not difficult to imagine that those lithe and supple limbs could spring with the rapidity and certainty of the panther.

Her voice was ordinarily a low monotone, and she affected great sweetness and suavity of manner when in society. People did not trust her, but they admired and pitied her; for they said "she is goodly to look at, and she has evidently been a sufferer in the battle of life." Ah! if they had known how, and under what circumstances that battle had been waged, I am inclined to think that the reputed widow would have found few friends or defenders, in that strait-laced little town.

She was now dreamily regarding her daughter, who stood in front of a mirror combing out a mass of black glistening hair that rippled from the roots, and curled and twined in such a way as to suggest the fable of Medusa, in spite of its beauty.

The figure of the girl was modelled after that of her mother: there was the same perfection of outline; the same sinuous, elastic movement; but the faces were not alike. Both were dark brunettes of the most gipsy-like type; but Mrs. Blake was only a fine woman, while her daughter was a radiantly beautiful one. The face of Hester was a pure oval, with features of classic regularity, lighted up by a pair of large black flashing eyes, with heavily fringed lids. The mouth was slightly scornful, and discontented in its expression, but the rosy lips were curved with exquisite grace, and they had bewitching smiles at their command, when it was expedient to wear them.

She suddenly turned, and facing her mother, said:

"The dull monotony of this place is becoming unendurable to me. I wish to see something of the world—I *must* see it, mother."

Mrs. Blake looked over her, from the shining wealth of floating hair, down to the tie of her tiny slipper, and a faint smile that was full of bitter mockery curved her lips, as she said:

"You have told me that often before, my dear; but what is the use? We cannot afford to travel. My income enables me to live respectably in a small place like this; but how far do you suppose my pittance would go, if we set out on the wild-goose chase you seem to have set your heart on?"

"When that is gone, you can get more. You told me yourself that you have claims on a rich man in—in—you did not say where, but I know it was—it must be in Louisiana, and the man is Mr. Landry. Am I not right?"

Mrs. Blake compressed her thin lips, and a flash of sudden anger leaped from her deep black eyes. Her voice lost some of its evenness of tone as she said:

"That is a name which you have been warned not to speak. What if these prying people around us should hear it breathed? should gratify their baffled curiosity by writing to our own home, and making inquiries that would betray to them my wretched past? A repudiated wife gets no pity, no forbearance, and the story of my marriage is—is—"

Her voice died away in husky murmurs, and her daughter said, with passion:

"If you do not clear up this mystery, I will utter the forbidden name in spite of your prohibition. I am reckless enough not to care much if such a catastrophe as you dread were to take place. Then you would be forced to go away from this dull place, and find a more congenial home. The people here are not of my kind; they do not suit me, and my soul sickens within me when I think of passing my life among them."

"Yet they have been kind to us, and you especially have no cause to complain of them. If you value security, you will make sure of retaining it by accepting Dr. Macon's offer."

Hester laughed bitterly and scornfully.

"I know only this, *madame mère*: I am beautiful as that Helen who once set the world in arms; I am fascinating as that Ninon who enslaved all who approached her; and yet you ask me to marry a country doctor who wears blue spectacles, and settle down to the humdrum life of a petty town like Blanton. I think I could die sooner than accept such a fate as that."

"Yet you will be safe with him, Hester; and that is much for one situated as you are. If Dr. Macon knew that I was cast off with contemptuous scorn by the husband of my choice, before the honeymoon was over, he would pry into my unhappy past till—till—he might learn that which—which—"

Again she paused, and Hester brusquely said:

"He might learn that I am the daughter of a woman who has been accused of committing a great crime. Don't annihilate me with a look. There is no one to overhear me, so you need not glance around in that half-dazed way. We are alone in the house, and we may speak without dread of eavesdroppers."

Mrs. Blake had started up with an expression of angry alarm on her face, and she rapidly said:

"How do you *dare* to refer to that? It is a thing that should not be put in words, yet since I betrayed that dire secret to you in a moment of ungovernable frenzy, you have taunted me with it more than once. It is true—I caused to be destroyed the woman who took the place that of right belonged to me. I was betrayed by my tool, and for your sake your father spared me the punishment the law would have decreed to me. Your father is a rich man. He gave me the means to live far away from the scene of my crime, that you might be educated as befits his daughter. I have done the best I could for you, and you make a poor return by everlastingly recurring to the fatal fact that I would bury in oblivion if I could."

"Such facts cannot be buried, mother; they will crop up in spite of you, and therefore I insist that if I were willing to accept Dr. Macon, it would be dangerous to do so without telling him the whole story."

Her mother glared on her a moment, and then said:

"I shall urge you no more to accept Dr. Macon. It will be too great a risk to reveal anything to him. I do not know what use he might make of the power he would gain. Deeply in love with you as he seems to be, I cannot entirely trust him. But you may make up your mind to one thing, Hester: we shall stay in this village, for we can live well on our income in so small a place, though it would not go far in a more expensive one. Besides, we have friends here, and I shrink from going among strangers."

Hester sat threading her fingers through her hair, and steadily regarding the face of the speaker. She presently abruptly asked:

"What was my father's name? I am certain that I know it, but still I have the right to be told by you. I can recall my childhood—the hints of the negroes, though you kept me away from them as much as possible. I can also recall a dark, handsome face that bent over me at times with loving looks."

Mrs. Blake coldly replied:

"His name can be of no use to you, since you were not permitted to bear it. When I think of all that has come and gone, I cannot always keep down bitterness. I believed that the proud old father made him give me up; and when he was dead, I thought my chance had come to regain all that I had lost. I let my jealous heart obey its promptings, and if all the past were to be acted over again, I would—"

Her words died away on her lips, and she covered her face with her hands, shuddering violently.

Mrs. Blake was not often moved thus, for remorse was not often the guest of that hard, yet fiery heart.

Her daughter sat thinking over her early memories. The first picture that arose before her was a wide stretch of level land covered with the luxuriant growth of the sugar-cane; the cottages of the laborers on one side of the large plantation, each one under its own shade tree; the substantial buildings for sugar-making far away from them, near the banks of the mighty river that swept past the place in all its majesty. Half a mile above there was the stately mansion, with its pillared galleries, standing like a white temple amid the stately oaks which sheltered it from the ardent rays of a southern sun.

Half a mile above that stood a pretty cottage, with a veranda in front of it covered with trailing vines, with flowers and shade in abundance around it. This was the first home she remembered. There she and her mother had lived till she completed her fifth year. There was no intercourse between the two houses. Mrs. Landry, the wife of the great proprietor, never by any chance approached the cottage. She seemed systematically to avoid it, in her rides around the plantation. Hester remembered seeing her once; it was but a few months before her death, and the impress of approaching doom was written on her fair face in characters which struck with awe even so young a child as she then was.

The story of her fate was common enough: a delicate northern flower had been transplanted to this southern soil in the lowlands of Louisiana, and the change of climate had proved fatal. Every effort was made to save her; she was taken back to her native air in vain; the fatal shaft was sped, and she came back to her beautiful home to die amid the scenes she loved so well.

The despair of her husband was described as terrible. After months of seclusion he suddenly determined to travel: he took with him his daughter, a child three years of age, and left her at the North with a sister of her mother. He then set out for Europe.

After Mr. Landry left his home, it was known that he had given Mrs. Blake leave to remove to his house, and take charge of it in his absence. She had ruled there with iron sway over the servants, and earned the dislike of all of them. She allowed none of them to approach her child familiarly, and not one among them dared to whisper to the little girl that she was the daughter of the house in which she dwelt; so Hester had only her own intuitions to guide her.

The face of Armand Landry arose before her mental vision in all its dark, magnificent beauty. The caresses he lavished on her when he encountered her in her childish rambles, and the elegant presents that were sent to her when he had made a visit to New Orleans, were all proofs to her that her conjectures were true.

She turned suddenly to a mirror and carefully examined her own features, and that other face arose before her as clearly as if it had been photographed upon her brain.

With a laugh of cynical bitterness she faced her mother, and said:

"I shall not ask you to tell me my father's name again. I know it without being told, and I am only surprised at my own stupidity in not guessing it before to-day."

The mother regarded her with an expression it was difficult to interpret. Her eyes looked eagerly into those of the speaker, and her lips trembled, though she said, with assumed indifference:

"It is not the first time you have made the same assertion—but you were always baffled. It is not my wish that you shall know anything with certainty. You are so reckless, so impetuous, that you might be tempted to do something that would ruin us both, if you believed you could gain anything by taking desperate measures."

Hester looked steadily at her as she thus spoke, and then, with a mocking laugh, said:

"Look at my face; is it not the living image of that of the lordly looking man I used to look after in my childhood, and dream of as a demigod? I have often wondered who it was I remind myself of whenever I look in the glass; but until to-day I did not identify my features with those of Armand Landry. *He* is my father; you need not deny it; if you do, I will write to him and demand the truth from *him*."

A flash of lurid fire darted from the black orbs of Mrs. Blake, and she hoarsely panted:

"You dare not. Why should you fancy that you are the daughter of Armand Landry? You can have but a vague memory of his features. If that is all you have to trust to, you can have no assurance of the truth of your surmise."

The daughter significantly replied:

"If I doubted my own convictions, your agitation would suffice to prove that I have at last discovered the truth as to my paternity. I am the child of that man; he is a millionaire; he owns hundreds of slaves; his income is over a hundred thousand dollars; yet I, his daughter—as near to him as that other one who is kept beside him to be petted and cherished—*I* am sent away with a pittance that barely enables us to live. I am going to change all that, *madame mère*. If you are afraid to assert your rights, I am not, I can tell you."

The mother sat staring at her in vague alarm. She knew that what Hester asserted she always meant, and she believed her daring enough to attempt anything that promised a release from the monotony of her present existence. She sat silent a long time, and then said:

"If I tell you the truth, will you promise me to do nothing without my advice and co-operation?"

After a moment's hesitation, the girl replied:

"Yes—I will promise that, if you will tell me your *whole* history. I am tired of concealments, and you ought to know that I can be trusted. I am not going to ruin myself by doing what would compromise me in any way. I only intend to have justice at the hands of my rich father. He shall give me more than the mere means of sustaining life, or I will know the reason why."

"He has already given you education and independence; remember that, Hester, and do not attempt to put forward claims that will never be allowed. Armand has done as much for us as he could; the wealth he controls belongs chiefly to his children, for he now has more than one."

"*Armand!* that name confesses all, and I am right. I am the daughter of the Landrys, a proud and aristocratic race; and now who and what was my mother? How came you to forfeit the position of a wife to such a man as Mr. Landry? I am all attention; pray explain, for I must and *will* know all that you can tell me."

After a pause, Mrs. Blake said, with some hardness in her tones:

"Yes—I will tell you what you are so anxious to know, but it will be as bitter a revelation to you as to me. I cannot think of those days without shuddering; yet I must recall them at your bidding. Look into the kitchen, and see if Mrs. Müller has returned. No human ears must hear what I have to tell save your own; and something warns me that it would be better for you if this confidence could have been forever withheld."

"And something tells me, on the contrary, that what I am about to hear will place the power in my hands to mould my destiny into something brighter and better than the future you would have me embrace."

She passed from the room as she ceased speaking, and having ascertained that the house was only tenanted by themselves, she returned to her mother, and said:

"Mrs. Müller is still away, and she will not get back for an hour yet. You know what an inveterate gossip she is, and when she gets to the village, she is never in a hurry to return. Her husband is at work in the meadow, and there is no fear of interruption."

With a sigh, Mrs. Blake said:

"Sit down on that low chair, and try to be quiet while I speak of things I had almost determined never to reveal to you. You are very willful, Hester, and—and God knows what is to be your fate in the future."

The two sat down near an open window, unconscious that a third person was crouching in the shrubbery beneath it, eagerly listening to every word they spoke.

CHAPTER II.

A STORY OF LOVE, JEALOUSY AND REVENGE.

Hester sat down as her mother requested, in a low chair with arms, and leaning her elbow upon one of them, she rested her rounded cheek on her hand, and prepared to listen to what she had so long desired to know. Her hair still floated like a dark cloud around her, and fell in rippling waves over the white wrapper she wore. A sash of scarlet silk was loosely fastened around her slender waist, the long ends falling in front, for she had a peculiar and fantastic taste in dress.

As her mother looked down at her, she was struck anew with the brilliancy of her beauty, and also with its lack of softness. Well might she marvel what was to be the future of that creature to whom she had given her own hard and remorseless nature, intensified by ambition and love of pleasure, to which she had herself been comparatively a stranger.

She was so long silent that Hester impatiently cried out:

"Are you arranging a romance to tell me, that you are so long commencing? I won't be cheated by falsehood; remember that. You have promised me the truth, and I insist on having it."

"You shall have it in all its nakedness," replied her mother, in a hard, dry tone. "You *will* know then what my life has been, and you will no longer marvel that I am—*what I am*. God help me! I have had little chance in life! I might have been better and truer, perhaps, under different circumstances. Such as I am, they have made me, and you must not sit up in judgment upon me."

"I am not going to do that. If you hesitate in this way, Mrs. Müller will be upon us before you have time to get through. What is the use of dallying with time that is so precious to both of us?"

"Wait—wait a moment; I must think. I must remember. I must go back to my childhold, and it is a long road to travel at a moment's notice."

She leaned forward, covered her face with her hands, and swayed her person to and fro like one in physical pain. Hester watched her curiously, but without that tender sympathy that might have been expected at such a moment. She was only conscious of feeling vividly anxious to make herself mistress of facts that might hereafter serve her in weaving the woof of a brilliant destiny for herself.

That was all she cared to accomplish, and how, or through what instrumentality it was done, was of small moment to her.

The time had come in which she felt it to be necessary that she should understand her true position, and she did not intend to permit her mother to evade any of the details she wished to know.

Mrs. Blake at length dropped her hands upon her lap, and her eyes seemed to look far away into the past she was so unwillingly recalling. She spoke in a low, monotonous tone, which occasionally swelled into passion, as she described scenes that had stamped themselves in fire upon her brain.

"You ask me how it happened that I was cast off by the man I adored?—why he was permitted to wrong me so bitterly as to bring to his home another wife while I yet lived and suffered? It is a terrible record. But since I *must* speak, I will lay bare the whole truth, fatal as it would be to myself if it were betrayed to any other than the child who must bear equally with myself the consequences of the crime I committed.

"I must go back to my early life, and tell you of myself before I became the wife of Armand Landry. My father was a dissipated, reckless man, who owned a small place near Le Bocage, as the Landry plantation was called. I was his only child, and as his disorderly home was an unfit place in which to rear a girl, I was sent to France while still a small child, and placed under the care of a half-sister of my deceased mother, who lived in Marseilles. I was educated, as most young French girls are, in a convent school, and was permitted to see nothing of society till I was nearly eighteen years old. Then my aunt took me home, having already arranged a marriage for me that she considered suitable. I was not consulted in this arrangement, but I did not rebel against it, for Claude Beltôt was young and good looking, and I preferred remaining in France as his wife, to returning to the dullness of plantation life.

"My father gave me twenty thousand francs as my dower, and Beltôt expected in the future to get much more from him. I think that prospect induced him to marry me, for I soon found that he was as indifferent to me as I was to him. He was in business for himself, and made that the pretext for neglecting me almost from the day of our marriage.

"Well—I will hurry over that portion of my story, as it has little to do with what concerns you.

"Indifference soon merged into contempt on my side, and something like aversion on his. We disagreed in nearly everything, and each one sought to control the other. We had evidently made a wretched mistake, and when ruin overtook him, we were glad to separate by mutual consent. I returned to Louisiana, and Beltôt went to Algeria as an ensign in the French army.

"When I came back to my early home I found my father living as recklessly as ever, although his means were nearly exhausted; but I soon discovered that his house was a rendezvous for the gay young men of the neighborhood, and that gambling, in which he was very successful, was carried on to a shameful extent beneath his roof.

"He welcomed me, because he thought my beauty and accomplishments would be an additional attraction, and he commanded me to resume my maiden name, and never refer to the fact that I had a husband still living. I was willing enough to do this, for I hated the thought of the fetters that bound me to the man I had learned to loathe.

"Among the young men who came to his house was Armand Landry. He was two years younger than I, for he had not completed his twentieth year when I first met him. He soon forsook the gaming table to linger near me, and I—well—I was mad enough to give him the heart my husband had never tried to win. I loved him to that degree that I thought life would be worthless unless it was shared with him.

"Armand seemed devoted to me, but he never asked me to marry him. He knew that his proud old father would look with scorn on the daughter of such a man as my father was, and refuse to receive me as his son's wife.

"The time passed on, and I became more infatuated with Armand with every meeting; yet how I was to accept his hand even if it was offered, I did not know. I spoke to my father finally, and he swore that if there was a chance to win such a man as Armand Landry, my first marriage should not stand in the way.

"He wrote to my aunt, and after some delay obtained a divorce for me, which was granted on the plea of mutual alienation; but my father exacted of me a promise that I would never betray the knowledge of my first marriage to any one in my native land unless it became imperatively necessary to do so.

"From what I had told him he thought I was sure of becoming the wife of Armand as soon as I was free, but when he still delayed asking for me, the old man became enraged, and demanded of my lover what his intentions were.

"He seemed surprised, and said that we were only friends—that his father had other views for him, and he dared not displease him by refusing to fall into them. There was a violent scene between them, and for weeks I did not see Armand again. How I suffered—how wretched I was, I cannot tell you, though that was nothing to what I have borne since.

"My father swore that Armand should yet be my husband, and I was so infatuated, so miserable, that I cared little by what means he was to be ensnared, provided I became his wife. I entered into his plans, shameful as they were, and allowed myself to be united to a man who had been lured again to our house, and when incapable of acting for himself, was pronounced my husband by a missionary who had been so short a time in the country that he knew nothing of the wrong he was helping to carry into effect. He was brought to the house a few moments before the ceremony was performed, and left immediately afterward.

"A time had been chosen when the elder Landry was absent from home, and was not expected to return for several weeks. I believed that Armand loved me as truly as I did him, and that he would be glad to know, when he recovered from the effects of the subtle potion given him in his wine, that I was his own in spite of his father's opposition.

"It was several weeks before he did recover all the natural energy of his mind, and I began once to fear that he would be permanently injured by the drug I had permitted to be administered to him. But the time came when he fully understood the position in which he was placed, and then—*then* such scenes as passed between us I cannot describe. He fiercely resented the part I had taken in entrapping him into a marriage that would be odious to his proud father, and declared that he could never forgive me.

"Vainly I tried all my powers of fascination to enthrall him, and win forgiveness from him.

"As soon as he was well enough to leave the house, he went off in search of his father, in spite of all I could do to detain him. The old man's wrath was something fearful, when he heard of the advantage taken of his son when he was overcome with wine. He instituted proceedings for a divorce, after sending Armand to Europe to make a tour, in company with Mr. Russell and his two daughters.

"When I heard that, I was devoured with jealousy; for Ellinor Russell was the young lady who had been chosen by Mr. Landry for his son's wife, and report said that she was both rich and charming. Armand had made her acquaintance while travelling at the North, two years before, and before he met with me. I afterward learned he was betrothed to Miss Russell.

"Mr. Landry was not satisfied with freeing his son from the ties that bound him to me, but he enforced against my father heavy claims that he had bought up, and nothing saved the old man from being turned out of house and home but his sudden death. In a moment of furious passion against his adversary, he fell into a fit, and in a few moments all was over.

"When this happened, you were but a few weeks old, and I was left with you to take care of, and little enough to do it with. My father's plantation with the few slaves he owned were sold, and the whole property passed into Mr. Landry's hands. He would not see me, but he wrote to me, saying that he had reserved for me from the wreck a cottage fronting the river, with a few acres of land around it. In that he ordered me to live, and stated that for the sake of his son's child, he would allow me a few hundreds a year, and when you were old enough he would send you North and have you properly educated.

"I was stunned, stupid, and helpless, and I accepted from him the means of living; besides, I considered them my right, for was I not his son's wife?

"Alas! that claim was not considered of any force; the marriage was set aside, and before you were a year old, Armand Landry had become the husband of the rich Miss Russell. An aunt for whom she was named had left her great wealth, and it was said that Mr. Landry urged on the match because he was so deeply plunged in debt himself, that only a rich marriage on the part of his son could save him from ruin.

The marriage took place in Paris, and that fall the bride and groom came home to Le Bocage. The old father had done all that was possible to induce me to leave the neighborhood before the return of his son, but this I obstinately refused to do. He tried to bribe me by offering a sufficient income to enable me to live comfortably at the North, and to provide for you in a suitable manner in the future. But I was deaf to all his arguments, for he came then to see me himself, and I stayed in the cottage, from the windows of which I could see the home in which my rival lived.

"Ah! how I hated that fair beauty who had caused me so much woe! Many a night, after you were asleep, have I stolen from my cottage, and made my way to the stately home in which that woman dwelt, surrounded by loving care that of right belonged to me. Concealed in the shrubbery, I have listened to *his* voice speaking to her in accents of deeper tenderness than he had ever used to me, and I vowed within my soul that I would find means to blight the happiness they seemed to find in each other.

"I do not know how much or how little Mrs. Landry knew of my story; she made no objection to my stay at the cottage, though it had been safer for her to have dwelt beneath the shadow of the upas-tree than within reach of my hand."

Mrs. Blake paused an instant, but the eager listener said nothing to interrupt the thread of her narrative, though her eyes lighted up with an expression that showed how thoroughly she comprehended the state of feeling her mother had described.

Mrs. Blake resumed, in tones that made the listener beneath the window thrill almost with terror.

"My hate culminated when a daughter was born who was destined to fill the place in your father's house of which you had been defrauded. The child was called Estelle, for Mr. Landry's mother, and your father did not say that he already had one child who bore the English form of that name.

"Your half-sister is two years younger than you, and in your childhood you were so much alike that but for the difference in size you might have been taken for twins. Ellinor Russell's daughter inherited none of her mother's fair beauty; she was dark and brilliant like her father, for you both strikingly resembled him.

"Armand's joy in his new treasure was soon turned to sadness, for the health of his wife began to fail. She faded slowly away with a mysterious disease for which physicians could find no name, and which baffled all their skill. Everything was tried that promised relief, but the spell of an evil eye was upon her, and there was no help for her.

"The doctors said it was the climate that did not suit her, but *I* knew better than that.

"She was taken away for change of air, but Zelma, the woman that went with her as nurse, was one of the slaves that had belonged to my father, and was devoted to me."

Again Mrs. Blake paused, and then said:

"I don't know why I tell you all this, Hester, for I need not have laid bare all my criminality before you; but you insist on having the whole truth, and you must be able to understand why I was finally compelled to accept the exile in which I have so long lived."

"Yes—I understand," said Hester briefly. "Please go on, for I am deeply interested."

"Mrs. Landry lingered for many months, but she at last died, when you were five years old. *Then* I thought my triumph would come, for the old man was dead who had so bitterly persecuted me, and there was no one now to oppose a re-union between the man I loved and myself.

"Armand rarely saw me, though I was so near him, for even in his rides he avoided passing my house when it was possible to do so; but he was passionately fond of you, and Zelma came regularly for you, to be taken to her cabin, where your father came to pet and caress you.

"Now that he was free, with no overbearing father to dictate to him, I confidently expected that, for your sake, if not for mine, he would seek me again, and atone for the ill-treatment I had received at his hands, by renewing the bonds I persisted in believing that his father had forced him to break.

"At first he was overwhelmed with affliction for the loss he had sustained, but I waited with such patience as I could command for that phase of feeling to pass away.

"One day I threw myself in his way, and I used my opportunity so well that he seemed comforted by the thought that one heart at least clung to him, and was ready to give him the consolation he needed so much. I believed that all would go well for me, and justice would yet be done me, for he seemed anxious to place you in the position to which you were entitled, when a blow came from a most unexpected quarter."

"He found out your first marriage," said Hester, with keen astuteness, "and the concealment ruined you, and with you, myself."

"Yes—you have divined it. Claude Beltôt had come back from Algeria, and he wrote to Mr. Landry, as the nearest neighbor of my father, inquiring about him and myself, and stating that I was his wife—that the divorce had been obtained without his knowledge, and he was coming to Louisiana to claim me, and the fortune he supposed my father had left me."

"Did he come?" was the eager question that followed.

"No; for Mr. Landry wrote to him that no money was to be gained by reclaiming me, and he would not make so long a voyage with no prospect of gain at the end of it.

"Armand grew frigid to me again, and he soon after took his departure for the North; but he left me in charge of Le Bocage as housekeeper, and I accepted the place in the hope that when he came back, to find me mistress of his house, he would in reality give me that coveted position.

"I reigned there supreme, and my native arrogance made me show the servants that the authority I wielded was that of a mistress. I showed kindness to no one save old Zelma, for she had served me unscrupulously, and I still hoped to reap the reward of her evil deed.

"The years passed on, and Armand was travelling in Europe, rarely writing home, and never sending me a line. I looked forward to his return as the reward for all my sufferings, for then he would surely renew the vows we had once plighted.

"You were ten years old when he came back. Zelma was dead, and I felt safe now that the only one who could accuse me of instigating the death of Ellinor Russell was gone.

"But all my hopes were fearfully dashed to the earth; for he brought with him a young wife, a cousin of Ellinor's, and also an heiress. They stopped in New Orleans, and from there Armand wrote to me. I have that letter now. You can read it, and it will explain the necessity I was under to submit to the terms he dictated. You will find it in the secret drawer of my desk."

"I do not understand the spring," said Hester.

"Bring the desk to me, and I will open it."

The girl went into an adjoining room, and quickly returned, bringing a small writing-case in her hands. Mrs. Blake opened it, and presently drew forth a worn looking letter, which her daughter eagerly opened, and read the following lines:

"NEW ORLEANS, October 30th, 18—.

"I write to you, Hagar, to say that no option will be allowed you as to your removal from the vicinity of me and mine. If my father had sent you away far, far from me at the time he separated us, it would have been better for you, far better for myself, and that fair angel who is now in Heaven, accusing you before the Judge of all as the cause of her being sent there before her time.

"During her long and mysterious illness, an awful dread at times came over me, but I would not believe you capable of working such woe to me, and I did not see how you could possibly approach my wife sufficiently near to do her any vital injury.

"While I was in Europe I consulted several eminent physicians as to the singular symptoms of Nelly's malady, and they uniformly expressed the opinion that a subtle vegetable poison that leaves no tangible trace, was slowly and *constantly infused into her system.*

"In spite of this, I still persisted in believing that it was only the malaria of a climate unsuited to her northern constitution which had produced such fatal effects, for I fought against the conviction that in making her my own, I had sealed her doom, by exposing her to the jealous rage of one who had aspired to rival her.

"I came back to my native land, bringing with me a cousin of my lost one as my wife, the resemblance in person and character between the two attracting me irresistibly to Helen.

"I might have taken her to Le Bocage to meet the same terrible fate, had I not here encountered the priest who attended Zelma in her last illness, and *received her confession.*

"When Father Gregory found that I was married again, and on my way to my home, he loosened the seal of secrecy so far as to warn me against placing Helen in so dangerous a position, and I learned from him enough to convince me that—

"Ah, my heart, I cannot write it! You are the mother of that unfortunate child who forms the only link between us, and for her sake I must spare you. Go far away—take your daughter, for I can never again bear to look on either of you; you shall both be provided for. I will allow you fifteen hundred dollars income, and on that you can live well in some Northern State. Seek some quiet village where you can rear Hester in innocence and peace, so far away from the scene of your crime that it will be easy to conceal it from her.

"I am not rich in my own right, as you know, but when she is old enough to marry, I will give her a suitable dower. This is all I can, or will do, for either of you, and I require you to obey my wishes, or accept the consequences of your own act. ARMAND LANDRY."

Hester silently folded the letter, and returned it to its place of concealment. She did not seem shocked at what she had read. Perhaps it was because her mind was prepared for it by what had already been said.

She sat down by her mother, took her hand in her own, and said, in hard tones:

"After all, I cannot blame you, for you were playing for a large stake, mother. Of course, there was nothing left but for you to comply with my father's commands."

With sullen bitterness, Mrs. Blake repeated:

"There was nothing left—I had nothing to care for, to live for, after this stunning blow fell on me. I was reckless—despairing; but I never for one moment repented of what I had done. I felt a savage joy in thinking that I had avenged my wrongs on my rival. All was over between Armand and myself forever: the little love he might at one time have cherished for me was turned to dread and detestation, and I—I began to hate him too. The man whom I had so slavishly loved trampled me in the dust, and my heart at last arose against him. He had given me a second rival, and he took from me the power to wreak my jealous rage on her as I had done upon her predecessor. I vowed then that if I could not strike him, *you* should; and I have spared no pains to imbitter you against that unknown father who cast you off, and treated you as if you were almost an alien to his blood. I have long meditated this confidence, though until to-day I had not courage to make it. I spoke to you of his goodness in giving you a pittance from the wealth he controls, but it was only to try the temper of your mind, and I rejoice to find that you are *my* child—that you will espouse *my* cause, and avenge my wrongs, if the power is ever yours to do so."

A strange smile flitted over Hester's lips, and a sudden fierceness came into her eyes, as she said:

"He has himself given me the right to become a Nemesis to him, and if I could see my way clear to such a consummation, I would walk in the path you would point out, unless he paved another with gold to tempt me to leave it. We have lived in this place ten years—what of my father in that time? Of course you have not left yourself without the means of hearing from your old home?"

"No—I have been informed of all that happened at Le Bocage, and it was well for me that I was far distant, or I might have been suspected of again using my skill to rid myself of a detested rival. The second Mrs. Landry lived but a year. She left a daughter only a few days old, and since her death her husband has made no attempt to marry again. He lives on his plantation almost alone, for his daughters were sent North to be educated, and he is only with them in the summer season."

"Where are they?" asked Hester, with eager interest. "They are my half-sisters, and I should like much to see them."

"They were sent to Newport, where a sister of the first Mrs. Landry resides. Mrs. Murray gladly took charge of her nieces, for she has no children of her own, and she has been many years a widow."

"Newport is not very far from here since the railroad was made—why cannot we run over there and get a glimpse of my sisters?"

Mrs. Blake shook her head.

"One of the conditions on which your father continues my annuity is, that I shall never make an effort to approach his children, nor allow you to open any communication with them. If I did so, he would think that no terms are to be kept with me, and he would stop my income."

Hester defiantly shrugged her shoulders as she replied:

"If he is such a man as you have described, he would hardly proceed to such extreme measures as that. As his daughter, I have claims on his justice, if not on his affections."

After a pause of some length, Mrs. Blake said:

"I believe that you have claims on both, Hester, for your father has lately written to me asking me to send you to New York for a few days, that he may see you himself, and explain to you what he can do for you in the future. I think it is his intention to give you more than I at first hoped for. His other children are very rich; he could give you a handsome fortune, and not injure them."

"What answer did you make to him?"

"I refused to let you go. I wrote to him that if he wished to see you, he could come here in the character of your uncle, and I would not intrude upon the interview between you."

"Will he come?"

"I cannot tell—I have not heard from him since my letter was sent. I think he will come, however, for he wishes to judge of the manner in which I have done my duty by you."

Hester tossed her head triumphantly.

"If he is not satisfied with my appearance and manners, he will be hard to please, I think."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following little episode of real life I give as I had it from Nancy Farewell's own lips, and as corroborated by another who was an actor in the scene.

Allan Farewell, who served in the Union Army through the late war, found himself not so strong in purse as he might have been had he remained at home. He had received no big bounty, and his soldier's pay had not accumulated upon his hands.

The time came when Allan Farewell was in distress. During his absence in the army his two little children had been sick—very sick—and what with nursing, and doctor's bills, and caring for the farm, his wife Nancy had been forced to run into debt. And after Allan's return he struggled for years before the debt was lifted off. He paid the last dollar of his indebtedness on the first day of January, 1870, and before February had come he was prostrated with fever, which lasted away into the Spring.

At the opening of the May-time Nancy Farewell, weak and worn, stood by the side of her husband's chair and wept. She had done all she could do. Allan tried to arise, but his limbs would not support him.

"O, my soul!" he gasped, "I cannot send them out so! My children begging!"

"But we cannot starve, dear Allan. There is not a crust in the house, and of money we have not a penny."

"O! this is hard!"

"Allan, do you remember what the people said when you went away to the war? They said, if you would go, your family should never come to want. It was proclaimed from the platform, and it was published in all the newspapers. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," said Allan, "I remember."

"Then why not send for the Selectmen? They joined in that promise."

Allan looked up with a frightened expression.

"Nancy," he said, "I have seen Mr. Osmond. He was here while you were out yesterday. He says the Town will help us—he will order any help we may desire—he will do it cheerfully—"

"O—Allan!"

"But, Nancy—"

"But what?"

"The moment we receive that benefit, that moment—*we become* PAUPERS!"

"WHAT!" cried Nancy, starting back from her husband's chair.

"Yes, dear girl," he repeated, mournfully,—"under the laws of our State, the recipient of pecuniary aid from the Town becomes a pauper. Were Mr. Osmond, acting in his capacity as Overseer of the Poor, to bring us a barrel of flour, as I asked him, I should become a pauper, and should be disfranchised."

"What!—Not lose your right to vote?"

"Aye, Nancy—even so."

The wife staggered back and sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"If," went on her husband, "we were in a town where there was an organization of the comrades of that Grand Old Army; or, if there were even well-to-do soldiers in our own town, I should not want; but there were very few went to the war from this far-off place, and of those few I am the only one left."

"A PAUPER!—*Lose a freeman's right to vote!*" exclaimed Nancy, following her own thoughts. "You, who gave your life to your country for four long and weary years!—who never shrank, and never quailed, and never complained!—*You*—YOU—to be thus branded and cast out!—Do they not know that if you had remained at home during those four years, as others remained, this want would never have come upon us? Is this the way they would keep the promises of faith and good-will made to us when I and my little ones gave up our husband and father to the Great Trial? I see not how Mr. Osmond can look you in the face and tell you the verdict."

"It is not Osmond's fault, Nancy. It is the law of the State, by which the Town is bound."

"Then that avenue is shut to us?"

"Yes. I think I would starve first!—But, for you, my wife—and for our children,—I cannot see you suffer. The shame—the brand—will be mine—not yours."

"Never! never!" cried the wife. "While we have life I will hope. The end is not yet. We can pray to God for strength."

And she sank down upon her knees, and buried her face in her husband's lap. And she prayed. And in the midst of her prayer she heard a heavy footfall in the entry—and she heard the opening of a door behind her,—and upon arising she beheld a stranger who had entered unbidden and unannounced.

Half an hour earlier a man of middle-age, tall and strong, with full, dark beard slightly mixed with silver, and with a limp in his gait, had alighted from a carriage and entered the bar-room of the little village inn, and had there inquired for Allan Farewell.

And the landlord had told him of the present sufferings of the poor man, and he had asked the gentleman,—

"Do you know him, sir?"

"I think I knew him once. Was he in the army?"

"Yes, sir. He was through the whole of it."

"Aye," continued the stranger, "I knew him well. He was one of the bravest of the brave; and he once saved my life. At Antietam my regiment held an exposed position under a charge of the enemy. I was shot down with a ball through my thigh. Our men were forced to retreat. The enemy were pouring down with triumphant yell. Allan Farewell saw me where I lay, unable to rise. He rushed forward and caught me up. I bade him leave me and save himself; but he would not. In his strong arms he bore me from before the foe. The bullets flew around us like hail, but he did not falter. With prompt and cool decision he found a cover, and finally landed me safely under the care of our own surgeons. Surely I owe that man something. Will you direct me to his abode?"

And this was the man who now stood in the humble cot, and whom Nancy Farewell beheld upon arising from her prayerful kneeling.

"Farewell!" said the visitor, advancing a step.

The sick man looked up, and presently his worn face gleamed.

"Colonel Douglas!" he cried. He fairly started to his feet, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back with a sharp gasp of pain.

"Aye, my brave old comrade," returned the new-comer, bending over the chair, and taking both the invalid's hands. "It is your old Colonel. I have been looking for you. Cheer up, my boy. You bore me once, through a great peril, from death to life. Let me now bear you—if not from death to life, at least from Darkness to Light."

"Nancy!" cried Allan, as soon as he could speak, the tears coursing down his sunken cheeks, "it is my old Colonel. God bless him!"

The prayer was answered, and the light had come. From his ample means Colonel Douglas rendered a generous due to the brave soldier, and did not leave him until the darkness was all gone, and the light had come sure and lasting.

When Nancy Farewell had told to me her story, she added, with strong emphasis:

"It seems to me that our laws are hardly just. Many a poor man, true-hearted and brave, though not crippled in body, has yet come to want through his absence from home and business in the war. Would it be asking too much to ask our law-makers to so amend the statutes that Towns may be their own judges in this matter; and, if they have within their limits either soldiers who fought honorably in the war, or the widows and orphans of such, reduced to want, that they may be allowed to extend Christian and fraternal help to such waifs of the Grand Old Army without branding them at the same time as paupers? Would it not be Right and Just?"

From my heart I answered her,—

"RIGHT AND JUST!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE Norwich *Bulletin* says that several weeks ago a clergyman from Meriden preached in one of the Norwich town churches. It was a fine sermon. Last Sunday a clergyman from Eagleville preached in the same church. It was a very fine sermon. But it was the identical one which was delivered there a month previous. The question in that vicinity now is, "Who wrote that fine sermon?"

A SELECTMAN of Bradford, Mass., gave as a reason why that town and Haverhill should be annexed and form one township, that a good many poor people who reside in Bradford work in Haverhill, and that if the two places were united, the men would be much nearer their work.

A RHETORICAL young lawyer of St. Albans, Vt., recently informed the court and jury as follows: "Decide this case as you may, you cannot escape the logical consequences of seeing in the untrodden path of the future the *foot*prints of the *hand* of an avenging Nemesis."

PLEASE illustrate the difference between a blunder and a mistake. Certainly: when a man on leaving a social party takes a poor hat in place of his own good one, he makes a blunder; but when he takes a good hat in place of his own poor one, he makes a mistake.

WHENEVER an applicant for a situation appears at the office of the Michigan Central Railroad, an official shouts up through the speaking tube, "Any switchman killed lately?" whereupon the applicant retires, saying he will call again, which he never does.

A YOUNG lady, in the kitchen, making a pie, said to her cousin, who was hanging around, "Frank, the kitchen is no place for boys. Has dough such an attraction for you?" "It isn't the dough, (doe,) cousin, but it is a *dear* that attracts me."

A TEXAS editor, in discussing the right of a member of Congress from that State to his seat, says, "The seat is his by one of the highest titles known to the law of civilized lands—the right of purchase, *for he bought his seat and paid for it!*"

A KENTUCKY paper says that a member of the Legislature of that State sent up the following to the clerk: "Leeve is asked to bring in A Bill to altar the time for the Legislater to meet. Refurred to the comity on Religen."

A REMOTE Indiana editor makes a pathetic appeal to his readers, saying, "If there is anything you know, that is worth knowing, that we ought to know, and you know we don't know, please let us know it."

IT is rumored that young ladies who object to the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, now hoodwink the guileless youths who lead them to the altar by glibly promising to "love, honor and be gay."

AN English paper asks, "When His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, being drunk, fell out of the billiard-room window of Buckingham Palace on to the terrace walk, was he then his royal lowness?"

SINCE the post-office in Rensselaer, Ind., was located in a bar-room, it is said that the number of men who "expect a letter" a little after supper-time has largely increased in that community.

IT is said that when a young man of Dubuque, where the small-pox has had a run of seven weeks, asks a young lady to take his arm, she gazes on him with a "vaccinating smile."

A GERMAN who was lately married says, "It vas easier for a needle to valk out of a camel's eye than for a mans to get der lasht vord mit a voomans."

"HERE, you waiter, bring me a veal *culvert*," said an Illinois legislator, the other morning, to one of the attendants at a hotel table in Springfield.

A WESTERN editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says, "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

IT has been authoritatively announced that "the grand epic of the coming poet will throb with the exuberant pulses of the developing cosmos."

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

"GOOD-MORNING, 'Squire. Got anything new?" "Yes, I've got the *neuralgia*, and it hurts terribly."

A THIEF running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

WHAT man wants—all he can get. What a woman wants—all she can't get.

IT is the eyes of other people that ruin us.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A THIEF attempted to pick the pocket of a lady as she was taking her seat in the cars at Springfield, for New York, the other morning, and would have escaped with several hundred dollars, had not the lady courageously seized him by the collar, and held on to him till he was taken in charge by her husband and a couple of policemen.

A CORRESPONDENT who says he has "tried it and knows that it's so," gives a remedy for a painful wound, as follows: "Take a shovel or pan of burning coals, sprinkle it with common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a short time the pain will be allayed, and the wound will heal rapidly."

A LADY living near Cheatham, Vt., became so despondent, owing to the death of her babe, that she committed suicide by taking a dose of bed-bug poison; and another woman, living in Waupun, Wis., committed suicide on the same day because her hands were covered with warts.

A LITTLE girl at Cedar Rapids suffered terribly from the earache and no application could mitigate the pain. A physician finally made a thorough examination of her ear, and found a sprouting sunflower seed imbedded in it. On removing the seed, the ache ceased.

IT is reported that the fires which devastated Wisconsin last fall are not yet wholly extinguished. The smoke is still issuing through the snow in some places, the fire seeming to have taken an inextinguishable hold upon the very substance of the earth.

NATHANIEL TAYLOR, of Sennet, N. Y., and his son John, celebrated their birthdays on Thursday last. The elder was eighty-four years of age that day, and the younger forty-two. It will be some time before the father will again be twice as old as his son.

A YOUNG lady just married in Springfield, Mass., purchased a spool of cotton at a dry goods store, and insisted upon the clerk measuring it, to make sure it did not contain less than two hundred yards. How is that for a wife?

AS a couple of young men were wrestling in a stable in Brooklyn, a few days ago, one of them fell behind a horse in a stall, which kicked him violently on the head, fracturing his skull, and inflicting a fatal injury.

THE lumber works of the Ottaway and St. Lawrence valleys, in Canada, sent to market last year three hundred and thirty-five million feet of sawed deals, and four hundred and thirty-five million feet of boards.

THE favorite mode of "hazing" practiced by the feminine Sophomores of Michigan University, is to seize some good-looking Freshman, bind him hand and foot, and then kiss him in the most *terrible* manner.

PETER OLSON is the hero of Geneva, Ill. A few weeks since he fell through the ice on Fox River, and actually swam a long distance under the ice, until he reached an opening, and then climbed out.

AS a man named Wells was wading in the river near Brownsville, Texas, he stepped into a quicksand and instantaneously vanished from sight. All attempts to find his body were fruitless.

THE smallest baby at present known is claimed by Taunton, Mass. It is twelve days old, and twelve inches tall or long, weighs about two and a half pounds, and is doing well.

THE policemen of Chicago seem to have the hydrophobia since the fire. The following is from a Chicago evening paper: "Another dog killed by a mad policeman yesterday."

A LADY fifty-five years old, and in apparently good health, living in South Sebec, Me., dropped dead, a few mornings since, while attending to her household duties.

AS late as the sixteenth of April there was a snow-drift on Mount Prospect, in Holderness, N. H., eighty rods in length and fifty feet deep.

THE wild-cat season seems to be approaching. An old one, weighing over forty pounds, was killed near Great Falls, N. H., the other day.

AN immense cave, said to rival the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, was discovered recently, near Millsbury, Centre county, Penn.

AN aged negress and her son lately reached Detroit, Mich., from Richmond, Va. They walked the entire distance, camping out nights.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

"Love in a cottage!" How charming it sounds!
  In what a delirium of bliss
Will rural John talk to winsome young May,
  As he seals her sweet lips with a kiss!

"Not silver or gold, but the wealth of one heart,
  Is the gift I proffer to thee;
And a vine-trellised cot thy skill would adorn,
  Would be more than rich palace to me!"

"It is sweet to labor for one whom I love,
  And, John, there's none like you, I know;"
So the soft little hand into his slyly creeps,
  And where he goes, she gladly will go.

And they, like two birds, their hearts brimming with love,
  Choose a nest older birds have outgrown,
And twitter and sing through the bright days of Spring,
  And envy no king on his throne.

And John steps with a grand and a soldierly air,
  And speaks now and then of his "WIFE!"
While shy May quaintly says, "*He* does," or "*He* says,"
  And, "*Wives* lead such a sweet, happy life!"

But years fly apace, and no one of our race
  Is exempt from life's trouble and care;
And those that fond love most gladly would shield,
  Oft feel they reap more than their share.

Thrice blest are the few who, through Winter and Time,
  Their seared mantles around them have flung;
E'en though frosted and bowed with life's burdens, have kept
  The love in their hearts ever young!

If John's heart beat for Mary, and Mary's for John,
  Even through to the mists of old-age,
Love will shine as a beautiful "*Finis*" at last,
  Fairer far than on youth's title-page.

Love, in palace or cot, is a beautiful guest;
  A blessing in ways manifold;
A crown of bright glory on the forehead of youth,
  A halo of bliss for the old!

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER CVI.

AFTER THE WICKED WEDDING.

"And I no friends to back my cause withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks.
I have him, but I will not keep him long."

"Did you tell the coachman where to drive?" inquired the bride, as the carriage rolled rapidly through one of the principal streets of the city.

"Yes, dearest," answered the infatuated bridegroom. "I told him to drive to the Asterick, where I am stopping, and where I have had elegant rooms prepared for your reception. Do you think I could have forgotten anything in which your comfort was concerned?"

"No, I am sure you could not; but—" She hesitated a moment, and then added, "I wanted to go somewhere else."

"My love, my love, you shall go where you please. After we have got to our rooms at the Asterick, and refreshed and rested ourselves, we will consult about where to go, and spend a pleasant fortnight together," he answered affectionately.

"Yes; but I don't want to go to the Asterick just yet."

"Where then? I will go anywhere you wish."

"You know I did not come to this city alone."

"Didn't you, dear? I thought you did."

"No; I came with a party of lady friends. And I left them all abruptly this morning to meet you, without telling them where I was going, or when I should be back. I have now been gone two hours. They will be uneasy about me by this time. I must go back there and relieve their anxiety, and also get my travelling bag."

"Very well, my darling, we will drive there immediately."

"No, no; *you* must not go there. I have not told them anything about my intended marriage, so I don't want them to know anything about it, lest they should be offended. There is a reading-room at the corner of the street near the hotel. Stop there, and I will get out and walk to the house and take leave of my friends, and then return to the reading-room and join you. In the mean time you can send the carriage away, and while waiting for me you can amuse yourself looking over the books."

"But I hate to lose you even for an hour."

"Ah, be reasonable, and remember that it will be but for an hour or less time. And when we meet again it will be to part no more forever—or until death himself shall part us."

"I must submit, I suppose," said Craven, with a sigh.

"Submit? oh, you crazy boy! You talk as if you were making some painful sacrifice!" she answered, with a light laugh.

"It *is* painful to let you leave me even for an hour."

"Bah! You'll be glad to be rid of me some of these days."

"Never!"

"Bah! I say again. Come, here we are at the reading-room. Stop the carriage."

He did so.

"Let me out here, and I will walk on," she said.

"Had you not better let me get out here, and keep your own seat and drive on?" he inquired.

"No. I don't want the carriage to take me to the hotel. The distance is short. I prefer walking. You had better dismiss it, and go into the reading-room and amuse yourself while waiting for me," she said.

He acquiesced, and she got out and walked rapidly on toward the Blank House.

With her thick vail let down, she slipped in through the ladies' entrance with some visitors that just happened to be going there.

She hurried up stairs to her own rooms, and unlocked the door of the private parlor.

All within the place was just as she had left it two hours before.

She opened the window shutters to let in the daylight.

And then she went and listened at the door communicating with Alden Lytton's room.

At first all was still; but presently she heard a step about the room, and soon after other motions that proved the inmate to be busy at his toilet.

"He is up and dressing himself. I have not returned one minute too soon," she said, as she seated herself in an easy chair near the window.

The next moment the door opened, and Alden Lytton entered, smiling.

"I do not know *how* to apologize for my stupid neglect. But I hope you will believe me when I assure you it was inadvertent. The truth is, I overslept myself. I can't think what made me do it," he said, actually blushing like a boy at the thought of his involuntary sluggishness.

"You were very much fatigued last night. I am very glad you had a refreshing sleep. I hope you feel the better for it," she answered, with her sweet smile.

"Well, no; not much better. You know there is such a thing as taking too much sleep. I feel quite as if I had taken twice too much; dull and heavy, with a stupid headache. I never was inebriated in my life, but I should think a man that had been so, over night, would feel just as I do this morning."

"Ah, I am sorry! But the fresh air will do you good, no doubt."

"No doubt. And really it is not worth speaking of. I see you have your hat on. You have been taking a walk this fine morning, while I lay like a sluggard, sleeping myself into a headache?"

"No, I have not been out. I put my hat on merely to be ready to start the moment we had breakfasted. For I must go and see the principal of the ladies' school this morning."

"Why, I *hope* you have not waited breakfast for me all this time?" exclaimed Alden, in a tone of regret.

"I have not waited very long. And if I *must* confess the fault, I have not been up very long myself."

"Ah!" laughed Alden Lytton; "so somebody else overslept herself!"

"Yes! ''tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true!'"

"You must be hungry, however. I will ring and order breakfast directly."

"No, please don't. It will take too much time. For once we will go down in the dining-room and get our breakfast."

"As you please," said Alden Lytton, as he arose to attend her down stairs.

The guests had nearly all left the dining-room, so there were waiters enough at leisure to attend to these late arrivals; and it followed of course that they had not long to wait for their coffee and rolls.

They did not tarry over their meal. Both were in a hurry.

"I should have been at the law publisher's two hours ago," said Alden.

"And I should have been at the ladies' school about the same time," added Mary.

"I shall never forgive myself for sleeping so ridiculously long and detaining you," said Alden.

"Say no more about it. We shall only have to hurry over our breakfast to make up for lost time," answered the traitress.

And they soon finished, and arose from the table.

"Will *you* be so good as to order a carriage for me, while I run up stairs and get my travelling bag?" she inquired.

"Certainly," he answered, as he gave her his arm and led her to the foot of the grand staircase.

And as she ran up, he turned and sent a hall porter for the carriage.

And then he waited at the foot of the stairs for her return.

The carriage was announced, and she reappeared about the same time.

She carried in her hand a leather bag and a small silk umbrella, both of which she handed to a porter.

"This looks like a departure," said Alden Lytton, as he gave her his arm to lead her to the carriage.

"It may be a departure," she answered, "and I must take this, perhaps last, opportunity of thanking you for all your brotherly kindness to me. If I should not return by six o'clock this evening, please to give up my room."

"I will do so," said Alden Lytton. "And in that case I also shall give up my room, for I think I shall be able to get through with my business to-day. If you should be returning to Virginia, I should be pleased to escort you back."

"Thanks. But I rather think that I shall try the school. That will do. I am very comfortable. Thanks, very much," she added, as she settled herself in the seat where he had placed her.

"Where shall I tell the coachman to drive?" inquired Alden.

"Tell him to call first at the reading-room, at the corner of the next street. I wish to look at the Directory there, before going further."

This order was given to the coachman, who immediately started his horses.

In a very few minutes the carriage drew up before the reading-room door.

Mary Grey, as I still prefer to call her, got out and ran in to the room.

Craven Kyte was there, trying to interest himself in a morning paper. As soon as he saw her he dropped the paper and started to meet her.

"It seems to me you have been gone four hours instead of one," he said.

"I have been gone just an hour and seven minutes, you very bad boy," she answered playfully. "Now then I am at your lordship's service."

"Oh, my beloved, do not speak so to me, even in sport; for you are my queen, and I am your subject. Shall we go now?"

"Yes; I have a carriage at the door, with my little luggage in it."

"Come then, love."

They went out together and entered the carriage.

"Drive to the Asterick Hotel," said Craven Kyte to the coachman.

"And tell him to drive slowly, for I wish to talk to you as we go along," she whispered.

"Drive slowly," said Mr. Kyte, giving her order.

"Now, Craven, dear," she said, as they went along, "I wish you to understand that I don't want to stop at the Asterick longer than it will take you to pay your bill and pack your portmanteau."

"Where do you want to go then, my darling? I am ready to go anywhere with you," he replied.

"Then I have a fancy for spending a few days at Havre-de-Grace. It is a very pretty place. We can take the next train and get there in two or three hours."

"Very well, my angel, I will make every effort to catch that train."

"Now, then, tell the coachman to drive fast."

Again Craven Kyte conveyed her orders to the man on the box, who touched up his horses.

And they were whirled rapidly on toward the Asterick Hotel, where they soon arrived.

"Hadn't I better tell the carriage to wait?" inquired Craven Kyte.

"No, send it away. We can pick up another one in a moment," answered his companion.

Craven Kyte paid and discharged the carriage, and they went into the house.

He took his companion up into the private parlor he had engaged for her, and he pressed her to partake of some refreshments while he packed up his portmanteau and paid his bill.

But she declined the refreshments, and said she would wait, keeping herself closely vailed all the time.

He hurried through his business as fast as he could, and soon rejoined her.

He took her down to the cab he had engaged, and which was already packed with their luggage.

A half hour's rapid drive took them to the railway station, which they reached only in time to buy their tickets, check their baggage and take their seats before the train started.

It was the express. And they were soon whirled through the country to the town where the bride chose to spend her honeymoon.

CHAPTER CVII.

HER CRIME.

They took rooms in a pleasant hotel in the town, and after an early tea they strolled down to the water-side to look at the small shipping.

It was a delicious evening in September. The sun had just set, and the whole expanse of water was aflame with the after-glow.

A refreshing breeze had sprung up, and the river was alive with pleasure boats of every description, from the sail to the row-boat.

And there were more boats for hire, at the service of any who might wish to amuse themselves upon the water.

"Take a boat, Craven, and let us go out for a row. The evening is so delightful, the sky and the water so beautiful," said the bride coaxingly.

"I would like to do so, my angel; but, to tell the truth, I am a very inexperienced oarsman, and I cannot swim at all," answered the poor fellow apologetically.

"Are you *afraid* then, Craven?" she asked, with exasperating archness.

"No, love, not for myself, but for you. If by my awkwardness any accident should happen to you, I think I should run raving mad," he answered earnestly.

"Oh, well, never mind me. There is no cause of fear whatever, as far as I am concerned. I can row like a squaw. And I can swim like a duck. And I think I could do so ever since I could walk! At least, I certainly do not remember the time when I could not swim," said the lady laughingly.

"What a wonder you are! In everything!" exclaimed the lover bridegroom, in a rapture of admiration.

"No wonder at all. I was brought up on the water-side, and was always a sort of amphibious little creature, as often in the water as out of it. Come now, will you hire a boat, to please me?"

"Of course. I would do anything in the world to please you, my angel."

"Then engage that little pea-green boat. It is a nice one," she said, pointing to a frail skiff moored near them.

"That, my dearest Mary? Why, that is a mere egg-shell! It could not live in rough water. And if this gentle breeze should rise into a wind—"

"*Are* you afraid?" she inquired, with provoking sarcasm.

"I say again, not for myself, but for you."

"And I say again, that there can be no ground of fear for me. I say again I can row like a squaw, and swim like a duck. There! *Now* will you get the boat I want?"

"Yes, my darling, I will. And I will also take the precaution to hire the man in charge of it to help us row, in case of accidents."

"No, no, no; I won't have the man. He would spoil all our pleasure. I want you and myself to go out alone together, and have no interloper with us."

"But, my beloved—"

"I don't believe you love me at all, when you want a great hulking boatman to be in the boat with us, watching us," said the bride, with pretty childish petulance.

"Not love you! Oh, Heaven of Heavens! You *know* how I love you!—how I *adore* you!—how I *worship* you!" he whispered earnestly.

"Will you get the boat I want before it grows too dark?"

"Yes, yes, I will, my darling. I can refuse you nothing," said the infatuated bridegroom, as he walked down to the water's edge, and forthwith hired the one she had set her heart on.

Then he came back to take her down to the boat.

It was a mere shell, as he had said, and though the boatman declared that it could easily carry six if required, it did not look as if it would safely bear more than two or three passengers at most.

They were soon floating out upon the water and down with the tide, past the dingy colliers and the small trading vessels that were anchored there, and out among the coming and going sloops and schooners.

"Let us row toward that beautiful wooded shore. It is so lovely over there," said Mary Grey coaxingly.

"'Distance lends,' and so forth," smiled Craven Kyte, as he at once headed for the shore.

But the outgoing tide had left a muddy beach there, and so they had to keep at a respectful distance from it.

They rowed again toward the middle of the river.

The after-glow had faded away, but the blue-black starlit sky was brilliantly reflected in the dark water.

When they had rowed an hour longer, back and forth from shore to shore, Craven Kyte drew in his oar and said:

"It is growing late, and very dark, love. Had we not better go in?"

"No, no, no, no!" answered the bride, with prettily assumed authority.

"But, dear love—"

"The night is beautiful! I could stay out here until morning!"

"But chills and fevers, these September nights, darling?"

"Fiddle-de-dee! Are you *afraid?*"

"Not for myself, love, but for you."

"I never had a chill in my life! I'm acclimated to these water-side places. If you are tired of rowing give me the oars."

"Not for the world! What, fatigue your dear arms? I would sooner mine dropped from my shoulders with weariness!"

And he took up both oars again, and plied them actively, although his unaccustomed muscles were aching from the long continued exercise.

"Turn down the stream then, and row with the tide. It will be so much lighter work than rowing back and forth across the river."

"But it will take us so far from the town."

"Never mind."

"And it will make it very difficult, when we turn back, to row against wind and tide."

"Bah! we will not stay out long. We will only go around that point that I see before us. What a fascination there is in turning a point! We always want to see what is on the other side," said Mary Grey lightly.

Meantime Craven Kyte had turned the boat, and they were floating down stream very fast.

They soon passed the point, and saw on the other side a flat, sandy shore, with the woods at a little distance.

They were still off the point, when Mary Grey suddenly uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"What is the matter?" hastily inquired Craven Kyte.

"Oh, my hat! My hat has fallen off my head, and is in the water! If you stoop over quick you can reach it before it floats quite away!" she said eagerly.

Craven Kyte immediately drew in his oars and secured them, and then bent over the side of the boat to reach the hat that was still floating within three feet of his hands. He bent very far out, and endangered his balance.

Mary Grey arose to her feet. Her eyes were glittering like phosphorus in the night, her face pallid under the starlight.

He bent lower down and further out, trying to reach the hat, when suddenly she gave him a push, and he fell into the river, and went down before he could utter the cry upon his lips.

The force with which she had pushed her victim into the water had given the little boat an impetus that sent it flying down the stream, and rocking violently from side to side.

It was as much as she could do to keep her place in it. Any other than an experienced boat woman like herself must have been shaken out and drowned.

She heard her victim's agonized scream for help, as he rose the first time to the surface of the water.

But she gave it no attention.

For even if she had repented, and had wished to save him, she could not do so now.

She could with the greatest difficulty keep her place in the rocking boat until the impetus that had started it was spent.

Yet again that awful cry for help pierced the night sky, as the drowning man arose the second time to the surface; but on this occasion the cry sounded farther off, and the boat, though it had ceased to rock, was flying rapidly down stream.

She took hold of the rudder and tried to guide the flying little shell.

Her situation, self-sought as it had been, was one of almost intolerable horror.

The night sky was above her, the dark waters beneath her, and around her at various distances, like little dim white specks, were to be seen the sails of the coming and going colliers and other small trading craft.

She steered down the stream with the tide, pausing now and then, and listening. But she heard no more that agonized cry of the drowning man, though she knew it would ring in her spirit's ears forever.

She steered down stream until she heard the sound of oars, and of merry laughter and cheerful talk, and then she dimly perceived the approach of a large pleasure boat crowded with gentlemen and ladies.

Then she knowing it was too late to save her victim deceitfully raised a shrill scream, that attracted the attention of the people in the large boat, which was immediately rowed in the direction of the cry.

Soon the two boats were side by side.

"What is the matter?" inquired a man's voice from the larger boat.

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, help! My companion has fallen overboard, and I fear is drowned!" cried Mary Grey, wringing her hands, in well-simulated grief and terror.

"Where? Where?" inquired a dozen eager, interested voices, all at once.

"Just about here. Oh! look for him! listen for him! do try to save him!" cried the hypocrite, seizing her own hair as if she would have pulled it out by the roots, in her pretended anguish of mind.

"Where did he fall? Did he not struggle?" inquired two or three voices, as the oarsmen rowed their boat around and around in a circle, and peered over the surface of the water for some sign of the lost man.

"Oh, he sank at once! he sank at once!" cried Mary Grey, beating her breast.

"But he will come up again. They always do, unless they are seized with the cramp and it holds them. Keep a bright look-out there, boys; and if you see so much as a ripple in the water, make for it at once. We may save the poor fellow yet," said the voice of a man who seemed to be in authority.

"How in the world did he happen to fall over, Miss?" inquired another voice.

"Oh, my miserable, unlucky hat blew off my head, and fell into the water. I begged him not to mind it; told him I would tie a pocket handkerchief over my head, but he wouldn't listen to me. Oh, he wouldn't listen to me! And so, in stooping to recover my wretched hat, he bent over too far, lost his balance, and fell into the water. And oh, he sank at once like lead. Oh, do try to find him! Oh, do try to save him! He might be resuscitated even now, if you could find him—might he not?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Oh yes, ma'am," answered a man, in his good-natured wish to soothe whom he took to be a distracted woman.

And they rowed around and around, peering into the water and listening for every sound.

But there was no sign of the lost man.

After they had sought for him about an hour, the man who seemed to be the chief among them, said:

"I am afraid it is quite vain, ma'am. It is not a drowning, but a drowned man that we have been seeking for the last hour. Tell us where you wish to go, and we will take you home. To-morrow the body may be recovered."

But Mary Grey, with a wild shriek, fell back in her boat, and lay like one in a swoon.

"We must take the lady into this boat of ours, and tow the little one after us," said the man.

CHAPTER CVIII.

AFTER THE DARK DEED.

Mary Grey was lifted, in an apparently fainting condition, from her own little boat into the larger one beside it.

She was laid down carefully, and waited on tenderly by the sympathizing ladies in the larger boat.

Meanwhile the little boat was tied to the stern of the larger one, to be towed up the river.

"Where are we to take the poor unfortunate woman, I wonder," said one of the ladies.

"If she does not come to her senses in time to tell us where she lives, you can bring her to my house," answered another lady.

"Or to mine," said a third.

"Or mine," added a fourth.

"Or mine," "Or mine," chimed in others.

Everybody was emulous to succor this unhappy one.

As they neared the city Mary Grey condescended to heave a deep sigh, shudder, and open her eyes.

Then a chorus of sympathizing voices saluted her. But she wept and moaned, and pretended to refuse to be comforted.

It was some time before the persevering efforts of a gentleman succeeded in persuading her to understand and answer his question as to where she lived.

"At the Star Hotel," she said, with a gasp and a sigh, as if her heart were broken.

The boat landed; and the "poor lady," as she was compassionately called, was tenderly lifted out by the gentlemen and carefully supported between two of them while she was led to the hotel, followed by the ladies.

The sad news of the young gentleman's fate was immediately communicated to the people at the hotel, and soon spread through the town.

Ah, the drowning of a man at that point was not such an unusual event after all, and it made much less impression than it ought to have done.

Some people said they felt sorry for the poor young woman so suddenly bereaved and left among strangers; and perhaps they really believed that they did so, but the next instant they thought of something else.

But the ladies who had been present near the scene of the catastrophe, and had witnessed Mary Grey's well-acted terror, grief and despair, really did sympathize with her supposed sorrows to a very painful extent.

After following her to the hotel, they went with her to her room, and helped to undress her and put her to bed.

And two among them offered to remain and watch with her during the night.

The sinful woman, already a prey to the horrors of remorse and superstition, dreading the darkness and solitude of the night, fearing almost to see the dripping spectre of the drowned man standing over her bed, gratefully accepted their offer, and begged at the same time for morphia.

Her kind attendants were afraid to administer a dangerous opiate without the advice of a physician; so they sent for one immediately, who, on his arrival and his examination of the terribly excited patient, gave her a dose that soon sent her to sleep.

The two ladies took their places by her bed and watched her.

She slept well through the night, and awoke quite calmly in the morning. The composing influence of the morphia had not yet left her.

And with the returning daylight, much of her remorse and all of her superstition vanished for the time being.

She thanked the ladies who had watched her during the night, and in reply to their inquiries, assured them that she felt better, but begged them to keep her room dark.

They expressed their gratification to hear her say so. One of them bathed her face and hands and combed her hair, while the other one rang the bell, and ordered tea and toast to be brought to the room.

And they tenderly pressed her to eat and drink, and they waited on her while she partook slightly of this light breakfast.

Then they rang and sent the breakfast service away, and they put her room in order, and smoothed her pillows and the coverlet of her bed, and finally they kissed her and bade her good-morning for a while, promising to return again in the course of the afternoon, and begging that she would send for them at the address they gave her, in case she should require their services sooner.

When she was left alone, Mary Grey slipped out of bed, locked the door after the ladies, and then, having secured herself from intrusion, she opened her travelling bag and took from it a small white envelope, from which she drew a neatly folded white paper.

This was the marriage certificate, setting forth that on the fifteenth day of September, eighteen hundred and ——, at the parish church of St. ——, in the city of Philadelphia, Alden Lytton, attorney at law, of the city of Richmond, and Mary Grey, widow, of the same city, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Mr. Borden, rector of the church, in the presence of John Martin, sexton, and of Sarah Martin, his daughter.

This certificate was duly signed by the Rev. Mr. Borden, and by John Martin and Sarah Martin.

Mary Grey sat down with this document before her, read it over slowly, and laughed a demoniac laugh as she folded it up and put it carefully into its envelope and returned it to her travelling bag, while she reviewed her plot and "summed up the evidence" she had accumulated against the peace and honor of Alden Lytton and Emma Cavendish.

"Yes, I will let him marry her," she said, "and then, in the midst of their fancied security and happiness, I will come down upon them like an avalanche of destruction. I will claim him for my own husband by a previous marriage. I have evidence enough to convict and ruin him.

"First, I have all his impassioned letters written to me from Charlottesville, while I was a guest at the Government House in Richmond.

"Secondly, I have those perfectly manufactured letters addressed to me in a facsimile of his handwriting, signed by his name and mailed from Wendover to me at Richmond.

"Why, these alone would be sufficient to prove his perfidy even to Emma Cavendish's confiding heart. And they would be good for heavy damages in a breach of promise case.

"But I do not want damages. I want revenge. I do not want to touch his pocket—I want to ruin his life! Yes, and hers! I want to dishonor, degrade and utterly ruin them both! And I have evidence enough to do this," she said, resuming her summing up, "for there is—

"Thirdly, his meeting me at Forestville, and his journey with me to Richmond.

"Fourthly, his journey with me to Philadelphia.

"Fifthly, the rector's certificate setting forth the marriage of Alden Lytton and Mary Grey.

"Sixthly, the testimony of the rector, who will swear that he performed the ceremony, and of the sexton and the sexton's daughter, who will swear that they witnessed the marriage of Alden Lytton and Mary Grey, and swear furthermore—from his exact resemblance to Craven Kyte—to the identity of Alden Lytton as the bridegroom.

"Alden Lytton cannot disprove this by an alibi, for at the very time Craven Kyte personated him, and under his name and character married me, Alden Lytton, in a dead stupor, was locked up in his darkened chamber, and no one knew of his whereabouts but myself, who had the key of his room.

"Nor can Craven Kyte 'ever rise to explain,' for death and the Susquehanna mud has stopped his mouth.

"So this chain of evidence must be conclusive not only to the minds of the jury, who will send my gentleman to rusticate in a penitentiary for a term of years, but also to Miss Cavendish, who will find her proud escutcheon blotted a little, I think."

While Mary Grey gloated over the horrors of her plotted vengeance, there came a rap at the door. She hastily put on a dressing-gown, softly unlocked the door, threw herself into her easy chair, with her back to the window, and bade the rapper to come in.

The door opened and the clerk of the house entered, bringing with him the house register, which he held open in his hand.

"I beg your pardon for this unseasonable intrusion, madam," he said, as he laid the open book down on a table before her; "but being called upon to report this sad case of the drowning of a guest of this house, I find some difficulty in making out the name, for the poor young gentleman does not seem to have written very clearly. The name is registered C. or G. something or other. But whether it is Hyte, or Flyte, or Kyle, or Hyle, none of us can make out."

Mary Grey smiled within herself, as she secretly rejoiced at this opportunity of concealing the real name and identity of Craven Kyte with the drowned man.

So she drew the book toward her and said, with an affectation of weariness and impatience, as she gazed upon poor Craven's illegible hieroglyphics:

"Why, the name is quite plain. It is G. Hyle—H, y, l, e. Don't you see?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I see now quite plainly. Excuse me, they ask for the full name. Would you please to tell me what the initial G stands for?"

"Certainly. It stands for Gaston. His name was Gaston Hyle. He was a foreigner, as his name shows. There, there, pray do not talk to me any more. I cannot bear it," said Mary Grey, affecting symptoms of hysterical grief.

"I beg your pardon for having troubled you, madam, indeed. And I thank you for the information you have given me. Good-day, madam," said the clerk, bowing kindly and courteously as he withdrew.

The next day the newspapers, under the head of casualties, published the following paragraph:

"On Friday evening last a young man, a foreigner of the name of Gaston Kyle, who had been stopping at the Star Hotel, Havre-de-Grace, was accidentally drowned while boating on the river. His body has not yet been recovered."

No, nor his body never was recovered.

Mary Grey, for form's sake, remained a week at Havre-de-Grace, affecting great anxiety for the recovery of that body. But she shut herself up in her room, pretending the deepest grief, and upon this pretext refusing all sympathizing visits, even from the ladies who had shown her so much kindness on the night of the catastrophe, and from the clergy, who would have offered her religious consolation.

The true reason of her seclusion was, that she did not wish her features to become familiar to these people, lest at some future time they might possibly be inconveniently recognized.

As yet no one had seen her face except by night, or in her darkened room. And she did not intend that they should. Her supposed grievous bereavement was her all-sufficient excuse for her seclusion.

At the end of the week Mary Grey paid her bill at the Star, and closely vailed, left the hotel and took the evening train for Washington, *en route* for Richmond.

In due time she reached the last-named city and took up her residence at her old quarters with the Miss Cranes, there to wait patiently until the marriage of Alden Lytton and Emma Cavendish should give her the opportunity of consummating their ruin and her own triumph. Meanwhile poor Craven Kyte's leave of absence having expired, he began to be missed and inquired for.

But to all questions his partner answered that he did not know where he was, or when he would be back; but thought he was all right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SAGE'S REPROOF.

Alhakem, the sage, whom all people honored for his great wisdom and his many virtues, sat in the market-place giving instruction. A youth named Seyd, who had recently inherited vast wealth, passed that way, and shared with the old teacher the attention of the multitude.

"See," cried Seyd, "how my good fortune hath lifted me in a day to claim a public attention which Alhakem hath been long years in gaining." And he smiled proudly as he spoke.

Alhakem had heard his words, and motioned for him to draw near.

"My son," said the sage, "let me speak unto thee a fable. Once upon a time a gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"'How old mayest thou be?' asked the gourd.

"'A hundred years,' answered the palm.

"'A hundred years?' cried the gourd, in derision. 'Only look: I have grown as tall as thou art in fewer days than thou countest years!'

"'I know that very well,' the palm made answer. 'Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be!'"

Seyd heard, and went away with his head lowered.

C.

—Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Benevolent Enterprises—Sending Children West.

One of the most popular of the benevolent enterprises of the day has been the one the object of which is to pick up poor, unfortunate children in the city, and procure for them homes in the West.

Many of these children have undoubtedly been benefited by this change in their location and condition. Their removal would almost, as a matter of course, be an advantage to all of those who were fitted by nature to improve opportunities cast in their way. Their chance in a new and growing country, and among decent people, would certainly be better than here, surrounded by poverty, squalor and vicious associates. Speaking, therefore, of the enterprise as a whole, we think that great good has been accomplished by giving homes, even among strangers, to the homeless and houseless miserable children of want and beggary in New York.

There has always existed, however, in us, a doubt whether a discrimination should not be exercised in selecting children for the country, as there now is, in theory at least, in the selection of the families into which they are permitted to go. There are children born with such hereditary and—may be in some cases where they are not hereditary—such strong tendencies to evil, that no matter where they may be placed, nor among whom, their wicked and depraved natures will develop themselves, and will prevail, in spite of all the restraining influences, until they come to be subjected to confinement and physical restraint.

We see it stated that JOHN AVERY, who has been convicted of murder in the first degree in New Jersey—where he went from this city with the deliberate purpose of killing a man—was taken to the West by the Children's Aid Society several years ago.

This young man is now only twenty-two years old. It might be instructive if the Society were to institute inquiry as to the causes which brought him back, and how it was that in his case the benevolent purposes of the Society were completely frustrated.

Great care should be taken, in sending children out West, to ascertain the character of the persons to whose care they are to be committed. Some people seem to suppose that the rural regions repose in a state of primitive purity, resembling Eden before the fall. This is an error. Although the opportunities for the poor to do well, if they are so disposed, in the Western States, may be regarded as better than they are in this crowded city, yet the statistics would probably show as much crime there, in proportion to the population, as in New York.

All benevolent enterprises, to render them really successful, require to be conducted with a full knowledge of life as it is, and to be governed by keen, practical common-sense.

Mother's Milk to Him.

A great libel suit has attracted much attention in Paris. The plaintiff is Gen. TROCHU, one of the most distinguished military men of France, and the defendant is Mr. VILLEMESSANT, editor of the *Figaro*, which charged Gen. TROCHU with having betrayed the Emperor and Empress, and mismanaged the defence of Paris.

Mr. VILLEMESSANT, upon being examined, said that the articles in question were written to order. He accepted the whole responsibility, however, although he was absent in Italy when they were written. *They were mother's milk to him.*

This last remark occasioned great laughter in court.

Mr. VILLEMESSANT was acquitted on the charge of libel, although under the peculiar judicial system of France he was found "guilty of insulting a functionary of the Government," and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and a fine of six hundred dollars. It is fortunate for editors that we have no such law in this country.

Taking Things Coolly.

A man named SLUYTER has been arrested at Kingston, N. Y., for poisoning a woman to death. Some of the testimony on the examination was very curious. It would seem that this was not the first person whom the prisoner had killed. In 1869, he shot one of his neighbors, named SOPER. This was known to several persons living in the vicinity. They had talked with him about it, and he had confessed it to them. Yet they had never taken any steps to cause his arrest!

His motive in killing the woman is supposed to have been to prevent her disclosing the fact, of which she was cognizant, of his having killed SOPER.

A Mother's Love.

The *Herald*, in an account of the trial of CALVIN OXENDINE, in North Carolina, for murder, on the eleventh of April, says that the court opened at half-past ten, A. M., and the jury did not return their verdict until ten minutes past four the following morning. The mother of the prisoner remained standing—not sitting—beside him, throughout the trial. The prisoner was acquitted.

A Friend of Tom Thumb's in Trouble.

WILLIAM RODWAY, formerly a member of the little General TOM THUMB'S troupe, has been convicted, in London, of an assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

Some testimonials from his former employers were read by his counsel, in mitigation of punishment; among them one from TOM THUMB.

A Cause of Constant and Universal Anxiety.

As railroads multiply and become more and more exclusively the means of inland conveyance and travel, the uneasiness which pervades the community on account of the liability to accident from this mode of travel constantly increases. Some one member or other of almost every family is so often exposed to this danger, that the dread of it becomes a living reality in every household. People talk upon this subject more than ever before. The large business done by Accidental Insurance Companies is an evidence of the extent to which the apprehension prevails. Another proof of it is the introduction of the practice, which has become very common, for persons to telegraph home at the end of a journey, or occasionally along the routes of railroad travel, that they have arrived at their destination, or reached such a point in safety—implying escape from some impending calamity.

One point of view in regard to this subject seems to have escaped the attention of railroad managers. As it appeals strongly to their self-interest, we feel a considerable degree of confidence that it may be urged upon them with effect, and consequently we desire to bring it prominently forward. It is this: The general consciousness of the great danger from accidents must, in the nature of things, largely diminish the travel by railway.

The large amount of travel by railroad which now takes place is no answer to this argument. It would be much greater if the fear did not exist.

The mental suffering and unhappiness occasioned by apprehensions of these terrible accidents, are perhaps greater evils than the physical pain which results from them directly, when they occur, because it affects so many more persons. Comparatively speaking, it is few who are killed or maimed; while the suffering from the anticipation of accidents may be said, with almost literal exactness, to extend to every member of the community.

Why do we discuss this painful subject?

Our object is to assist in educating public sentiment until it shall demand and require of the managers of every railroad in the country, the use of all the precautionary measures which science and skill have devised to prevent the occurrence of what, for the convenience of expression, are called accidents, but what are, in truth, injuries resulting from reckless disregard of natural laws.

We have a still further purpose; and that is, to concentrate attention and thought upon the subject, and thus evoke the invention of new plans to insure safety in travel.

In the neighborhood of this city, on the Midland road of New Jersey, between Hackensack and Paterson, a calamity occurred recently which was appalling by the illustration it furnished of the wanton carelessness of human life which railroad managers are capable of practising. A train was crossing a bridge, when the timbers broke in the middle, and let the cars, with their living freight, down into the river. Many wounds, some fatal and others painful, were the consequences. The evidence before the coroner's inquest showed that the bridge was considered unsafe, and that its insecurity was well understood, and indeed notorious, before the breaking took place.

What a fearful crime it was, in those who controlled this road, with the bridge in this condition, to run train after train over it until finally one went through! If they had possessed consciences which could be trusted, they would not have done it. The only way to reach such men is by punishment. They deserve imprisonment. The effects of imprisonment upon themselves, and upon others like them, would be most salutary. It would be well for the public, if it could be inflicted; but, unfortunately, it seems to be next to impossible to get courts and juries to convict in such cases. It is very difficult to find even a coroner and a coroner's jury who will fearlessly discharge their duty where a railroad corporation is concerned. The influence of the company and of its employes is generally sufficient to direct or to modify the verdict.

In civil suits, although the remedy be less efficacious, it is more practicable. Juries, though they will seldom convict in a criminal prosecution, will render verdicts for heavy damages, on account of injury to the living or loss of the dead, against railroad companies. Such suits are, therefore, about the most salutary means available, at present, to bring to bear toward the required reform in the management of railroads.

Something, too, may be accomplished by the steady increase of the aversion and abhorrence with which men morally, and often legally guilty of manslaughter, by means of negligence in their management of railways, will be regarded and treated in the society where they move. We hope the time may come when no one will shake hands with such a man without a shudder. The moral influence of such a public sentiment would be irresistible.

Is There to be Another Conflict?

The German government has been rather rudely stirred up by the announcement that France has an army of no less than eight hundred and seventy-one thousand men, all ready for service. Investigation, it seems, has shown that this startling statement is actually true. It is also shown that the French are now more madly determined on revenge than ever, and are ready to make any sacrifice of money and blood for that purpose. The Germans, of course, will do all in their power to meet the coming onset as trenchantly as they met that of 1870. They are strengthening their victorious army in every department; and when the contest comes, if France shall be equal to a great war, we shall probably have one of the most gigantic, brilliant and destructive military struggles ever seen on earth.

Poison Ivy.

The Hudson *Star* says:

> "A singular case of poisoning occurred recently in the family of Abram Abeel, town of Cairo. Several members of the family were poisoned, it is averred, by burning wood on which there was poison ivy. Mrs. Abeel's life was despaired of for several days."

What is curious about poison ivy is this: Some persons can handle it, and even chew the leaves, with impunity, and never experience any effect from it; while others will be badly poisoned by even walking among it, or in the vicinity where it grows.

An efficacious remedy for this poison is to be found in bruised plantain leaves, or the milk of what is commonly known as "rattlesnake weed."

A Wise Indian.

CROOKED NECK, an old Indian chief in the Red River country, when offered presents calculated to catch the eye and suit the fancy of a savage, such as gaudy red shirts and coats and caps, rejected them with virtuous indignation, although he was nearly naked at the time, exclaiming:

> "Am I a pike, to be caught with such a bait as that? Shall I sell my land for a bit of red cloth? We will let the pale-faces pass through our country, but we will sell them none of our land, nor have any of them to live among us."

LONG LIVE CATS!—DOWN WITH RATS!

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I begin to sleep quietly! My house is resuming its good habits. And all on account of that Cat. The powers that be do not like cats. I do. Nevertheless no cat felt happy under our city roof. On the farm they lived in great glory, four or five of them, with now and then an irruption of four or five more.

When first I came to the city house not a rat had I, not a mouse. All day you might listen, and all night too, had you chosen to, without hearing the smallest squeak or the least nibble. No suspicious holes appeared on the edges of pie, no abrasions of loaves of cake—all was still, and all was safe. Through what mischance some prying mouse got entrance, I never knew. But in an evil day they appeared, they throve, they multiplied. I endeavored to play Pharaoh to these intruders in Egypt, but with no better luck than he of old had. All that traps could catch served no purpose.

Then came a cure which was worse than the disease. The word came up stairs that rats had been seen in the pantry! Not long after, our eyes beheld them—real rats—nimble, cunning, keen-eyed, hungry, impudent, noisy rats! The poor mice made haste to change quarters.

The first year served to establish the two kinds of rat: the old black rat, and the Norway, or gray rat. We had always supposed that they refused to live together. But in our traps we repeatedly took out both kinds, living together in apparent amity.

At length, after a year or two, the colony had increased and taken possession of all the partitions and hollows between floor and ceiling, and held their courts, tournaments and races all over the house. They began to gnaw holes through the mop boards in every story, to gnaw the bottoms of doors, to get into bureau drawers, and, worst of all, to keep me awake nights by gnawing new passage ways in the partitions of my room.

At first a slipper let fly at the place of noise seemed to scare them. But they would soon resume their teeth-sawing process. Then we tried shoes, boots, and finally we thumped the spot with canes, ramrods—anything.

The matter became desperate. We sent to the farm for a cat. Down came in due time the "city cat," as he had always been called. A splendid gray and striped fellow he is! For two days he was shy, and hid in the cellar. Then he emerged by stealth, lurked in the passage way, but shot off like an arrow at the approach of a footstep. At the farm he had always been renowned as solitary, fierce and powerful.

On one occasion, in a fit of jealous fury, he flew at one of his fellow-cats, a large and strong one, and literally slew him on the spot, tearing him like a tiger. But he had a liking for me. In going toward the barn I often heard a poor pitiful mewing from far within the shrubbery, and on calling "Poor pussy!" in a sympathetic way, he would come to my feet, and enjoy being patted and talked to. He was never known to enter the house, and usually kept aloof from the family. I am now satisfied that these recluse habits arose from jealousy.

Some cats will refuse all attentions if other cats are treated in like manner.

We recently visited a friend in New England, whose cat brought up a litter of kittens till they began to play about the house and attract notice. One day they all disappeared, and she reigned alone. It was found that she had conveyed them to a neighboring house; and again afterward, when they had been brought back, she carried them away a second time to a place still more remote. When one of them was selected to be reared, and was brought home, she spurned it, left the house herself, and refused to return.

Now for the "city cat." A greater transformation was never beheld. So soon as the novelty wore away and he was assured of kind treatment, he lost all shyness, changed to the fondness of a cosset, ran to every one, insisted on having a place in the lap; and in my own case, once, when lying in my lap, I placed my newspaper between him and myself, he quietly slipped down, went behind the chair, sprang up on my shoulder, and got down between me and the paper, as if determined that I should not attend to anything else when he was about!

But what a calamity was it for the rats—the day of his coming! Not Samson with the jaw of an ass spread more dismay than did the "city cat," with a like instrument, among the uncircumcised philistines of the wall and partition! Two weeks has brought silence by day and by night. My shoes and boots rest. A timorous squeak is yet heard, a very soft and cautious creeping, but every morning shows tokens of nightly surprise and victory.

Poor cat! What will he do when, on returning to the farm, his jealous heart will be torn with pangs at the sight of Bessie, Tommy and Charlie, recipients of kind attention, and he, instead of reigning without a rival, royally alone, shall find himself only one of an aristocratic quaternity?

Long live the cat! Down with the rat!

A Son Killed by His Father.

A man in Alabama, while in a rage at his son, a lad thirteen years old, struck him a violent blow. The boy fell to the ground. "Get up, you rascal," cried the father, "and I'll give you some more." But the boy did not get up. He never got up again. He was dead.

The child's offence for which his father struck him was the failure to hold a large hound for a few minutes, that had been given him in charge. It seems that the hound, being too powerful for the child to hold, broke away from him, and hence the father's rage.

On discovering that his son was actually dead, the father's horror and agony were terrible. He took the corpse in his arms, sat down on a log, and pressing the dead body of his boy to his bosom, he sobbed and moaned, accused himself of being the murderer of his child, and would not be comforted. He was finally led home—still pressing the little corpse to his bosom—by some of his neighbors, and his wife, though of course terribly stricken herself, devoted herself to the task of assuaging his grief and mitigating his remorse.

What the ultimate result was, the account of the catastrophe does not state; but the lesson, as it stands, is a terrible one, and teaches every parent to beware how he strikes a child in wrath.

A Warning.

The Mexican wife of a New England farmer in Sonoma, having become jealous of her husband's aunt, who was living in the family, took a machete—which is pronounced ma-shay-tay, and is a large, heavy knife resembling a broadsword, about thirty inches in length—and sought to cut off the aunt's head. The aunt, whose name was Armstrong, resisted the efforts of her niece-in-law, knocked her down with the fire poker, and took possession of the machete. The Mexican then went for two of her brothers, who espoused her quarrel, came to the house, and after a desperate fight, killed Miss Armstrong, as they supposed, and went their way rejoicing, taking their sister with them. But the Yankee aunt revived; and when her nephew came home, she stated the case to him. He organized a band of his workmen, and pursued his wife and her brothers; but they escaped, and the deserted husband hopes they will never be heard of in that section again. This story is a warning to New England men who emigrate to strange lands to take New England wives with them, and leave their aunts at home.

THE TRIMMING KITTY BOUGHT.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Just "fifty" for trimming to add to my dress,
Soft tinted, like wood shadows dun.
I'll buy passamenterie, broiderie, lace,
Or a mixture of all these in one,
To look like a vine on the gray forest bough,
Twining tendril and vein-roughened shoot,
And so make a poem with harmony fine,
Not merely a new walking suit.

"A good deal of money," so dear father said,
"For trimming," but kindly he smiled.
Such a darling old father! his heart holds his purse
For the whims of his motherless child!
Just fifty for trimming. I'll ask Mrs. More.
Poor lady! 'tis terribly sad
To take up a dress-maker's duties and cares,
And to leave her poor invalid lad.

* * * * * * *

"Well, daughter, quite ready? Is this the new dress?
In color and outline and tone
'Tis restful and quiet, but nowhere I see
The trimming you coveted shown.
Some other gay trifle has captured your eye,
Some furbelow, feather, or frill;
And so thoughtless Kitty has squandered the sum,
Unwisely, it may be—not ill."

A little lad rides to the country to-day,
To drink of the pure mountain air;
The happiest mother I ever have seen
Goes with him, to bless with her care.
Oh! if you had stood in their poor attic room,
Seen the boy's longing look at the sky—
Had heard how he asked about meadows and brooks,
Then turned on his pillow to cry—

Had seen the poor dress-maker's work-weary face
Bending over her boy, you would know
That it seemed very easy to whisper a word—
Quite easy to let trimming go.

For this is the trimming I bought, father, dear;
Three people made happy, you see:
Little Hal growing strong in the clear country air,
Hal's mother, and plainly dressed me.
And now, as you bless with your dear eyes ashine
Daughter Kitty, I'll count it once more:
I must add in another, I see, to the sum,
For instead of three people, there's four.

MAZZINI.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Americans visiting Switzerland about 1849, if they were at all noted for republican zeal, were likely to be informed, in mysterious whispers, that the famous Italian revolutionist, Mazzini, was living near Geneva, in impenetrable concealment. If one expressed an ardent desire for an interview, the gratification was not denied; and the hero worshipper was driven out of town in a covered carriage, and with bandaged eyes, until he had reached the neighborhood of the patriot's retreat, when he would be conducted to a cottage, surrounded by vineyards, which the friends of Italian liberty had bought for the shelter of their chief. Upon reaching Mazzini, the visitor saw before him a student-like man of remarkably slender form, weighing about a hundred and eighteen pounds, his eyes black and brilliant, with a broad, noble brow, which made his presence interesting, if not commanding.

Upon entering into conversation with him, no candid visitor could doubt his earnestness and sincerity; still less could he question the utter unfitness of an enthusiastic student of a hundred and eighteen pounds avoirdupois, to redeem a country like Italy, with its scoundrel kings at the top, and its mean banditti at the bottom of the social scale. Considering the immense and various difficulties of the task, there seemed to be something almost ludicrously unpractical in the character of this man. He was too eloquent. He flattered his countrymen too much. He was too precipitate. Speaking to his young countrymen, he once used language like this:

> "You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties."

This was absurdly false. Since the creation of the world, there have not been, in all, twenty-four millions of men, nor one million, endowed with *splendid* faculties.

In one of his orations we find him addressing "Young Italy" in this manner:

> "Adore enthusiasm! Worship the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hand of its Creator."

All this may have been very amiable, and perhaps not entirely destitute of truth; but when Mazzini uttered these words he was forty-one years of age; and surely no man past forty, capable of using such language, will ever accomplish much for the real improvement of a country.

Mazzini spent his whole life, from thirteen to sixty-four, as a revolutionist by profession, and he tells us in his autobiography how he came to adopt the profession. One fine April Sunday in 1821, when he was a boy of thirteen, he was walking in the streets of Genoa, his native city, with his mother and a family friend. They were suddenly addressed by a tall, black-bearded man, with a peculiar fire in his eyes, and a strange energy in his countenance. Holding out a white handkerchief toward the party, the stranger said:

"For the refugees of Italy."

They understood the meaning of these words, for there had lately been an insurrection in Piedmont, which Austria had promptly suppressed, and the insurrectionists had fled to Genoa, where they were sadly distressed for want of means. Mazzini's mother and her friend both dropped some money into the handkerchief, when the stranger passed on and presented his handkerchief to other persons. Mazzini afterward ascertained that the handsome beggar had been a captain in the revolutionary army, and that he crossed into Spain, where he died for "the cause of liberty."

From that day this sympathetic and enthusiastic boy began to have what he calls a "confused idea," that "we Italians *could*, and therefore *ought* to struggle for the liberty of our country." He appears to have arrived at this conclusion without having the least understanding of the oppressions under which his country labored.

"I had already," he tells us, "been unconsciously educated in the worship of equality by the democratic principles of my parents, whose bearing toward high or low was ever the same. Whatever the position of the individual, they simply regarded the *man*, and sought only the honest man."

Livy and Tacitus also, whom he read at school, had filled his mind with the Roman conception of Republican freedom, and his father frequently conversed with enthusiasm of the French Revolution, which he was old enough to remember. Never, however, until that fine April Sunday did the idea occur to the young Mazzini that there was anything wrong in the government of his own country against which it was a duty to struggle, and *his* duty to struggle. He soon became acquainted with many of those refugees from Piedmont, and the recollection of them, he says, pursued him wherever he went day by day, and mingled with his dreams at night. He longed to follow them to Spain, whither most of them went, and he began to gather information respecting the insurrection, and meditated much upon the causes of its failure.

Such was the origin of his patriotic enthusiasm. Many lads have indulged similar fancies; but the peculiarity of Mazzini's case was, that he remained true to his boyish impulses as long as he lived. His father being a physician in large practice, and medical professor in the University, he received an expensive education, studied law, and graduated from the University of Genoa. But he was destined never to practice law. When he was twenty-two years of age, the revolution occurred in France which placed Louis Philippe on the throne—an event which revived the revolutionary feeling all over Europe, and excited unbounded enthusiasm even here among us.

There was a secret Order then existing in Italy, called the Carbonari, sworn foes of tyranny. Two young men made haste to join this Order, both of whom afterward became famous in the world: Mazzini and Louis Napoleon. I remember reading, in a file of New York papers for 1830, a letter written by Louis Napoleon as a member of this Order—such a letter as Mazzini or Orsini would have heartily approved. Mazzini has related the manner in which he was initiated. A chief of the Order questioned him, first, as to his willingness to obey the instructions of his superiors, even to the point of *destroying himself*, if the good of the Order should require it. Then the youth was commanded to kneel, and made to repeat an oath binding him to perform all that he had promised, while the president held an unsheathed dagger in his hand. Of course, he was zealous to bring new members into the Order, and his zeal was too much for his discretion. He introduced a man who pretended to be an ardent patriot, but who really was a police spy. A day or two after, Mazzini found himself immured in a fortress, where he remained a close prisoner for six months, during which his mother occasionally sent news to him by putting slips of paper into his bread. He learned in this way that the Poles had risen in revolution, which served to inflame his revolutionary ardor; for he was one of those who seem to regard revolution as a thing good in itself, good everywhere, without stopping to consider whether the people are capable of forming a better government than the one against which they revolt.

After six months' imprisonment he was released, but ordered to leave Italy. He went to Marseilles, where he organized a new league called Young Italy, and started a newspaper. Being expelled from France, he went to Switzerland, and organized an expedition designed to invade Italy, in which he embarked several thousand dollars. The attempt was made in 1834, and resulted in immediate and ridiculous failure.

Soon after this he began his seventeen years' residence in London, where he became a contributor to magazines and reviews, edited an edition of Dante, founded a Sunday-school for Italian organ-grinders and other poor Italian children, in which he served himself as a teacher, and embraced every opportunity which the times offered of calling public attention to the oppression under which his country labored.

The revolution of 1848 occurred. He hastened to Italy, where he joined Garibaldi as a private soldier, and marched in the advance guard with a musket on his shoulder, which he was scarcely strong enough to manage. He certainly did his best to carry into practice the principles which he had professed. A gentleman who served as lieutenant of his company on this occasion relates, that one day they had to march twenty-five miles in the rain, and Mazzini had only the ordinary clothes of a citizen.

"I was then," he says, "young and strong, and could bear a great deal more than a good wetting, so I offered him my thick military cloak. At first he refused to deprive me of it, but I obliged him to take it by saying, 'Italy has plenty of officers like me, but only one private like you.' He shook me by the hand and said feelingly, 'I obey, Lieutenant.'"

I have read another version of this story in a note to one of the patriot's own works. This version represents *Mazzini* as taking off a cloak, and forcing it upon a young volunteer who was clad only in linen. In either case, the exploit was not very remarkable for a man who had formed to himself the noble ambition of liberating the Italian peninsula.

To the last of his days he was a thoroughgoing Republican. It was his boast, that as he was the first to take the oath in the Order of Young Italy, so he remained faithful to the principles of the Order, when many of his companions had become the hired servants of tyranny.

"I have lived," said he, in 1861, "and I shall die a Republican, bearing witness to my faith to the last."

Mazzini survived to March, 1872. It has been common, during the last few years of his life, to speak of him slightingly, as of a man who gave nothing to his country but words and phrases, more or less eloquent. But he gave what he had, and he did what he could; and probably no disinterested endeavor in the service of country or mankind is entirely useless. Coarser and stronger men than Mazzini, with their needle guns and their dynastic politics, have accomplished in part what this dreamer only dreamed; but who can tell how much or how little his dreams may have modified those dynastic politics, and given nerve to the wielders of those needle guns?

THE LIFE OF THE COMPANY.

We never see that person called the "life of the company," be it man or woman, that we are not curious to know how agreeable he or she is at home: whether all this delightful vivacity is at the expense of the fireside consumption; whether home is only a place where it is bottled, corked, and wired down for *public* effervescence, and if so, what a joyless place home must be to the little children and young people belonging to it; and how the wife of the man who is "the life of the company," must chafe at the fireside silence, and sicken at the wit which is brewed there.

If, dear friends, there is not enough for both, in the name of justice, remember *first* the wife who toils to make her portion of home bright and comfortable; and the young people, who will soon follow your example of saving themselves up for company. There are men, and women too, whom I remember as *the life of home;* whose meals are seasoned with wit and fun and innocent mirth, those wonderful helpers to digestion—meals where the children's intelligent, curious questioning is not extinguished, but encouraged, and sympathetically answered—meals where the family expenses are not the skeleton beneath every dish cover, being kept under, and judiciously arranged under the wise old saw of "a time for everything." What a legacy beyond price is the memory of a sunny home like this, to the children whose skies, whether cloudy or fair, God only can foretell for the future!

How likely they will be too, if possible, to reproduce all this in their own homes, when we are dust; and how much better than being "the life of the company," is being the life of home—the intelligent home, where the new books are brought and discussed from differing stand-points, where the daily newspaper is read aloud, and merrily commented on, or topics seriously considered upon moral grounds; where the choice bits of fun and pathos are handed round with the coffee and eggs, and before each separate for the day's duties, perhaps its unforeseen trials and pains. Contrast with this the silent home where food is bolted, that the father may rush to his money-making, and the wife and mother to the consideration of fashions, and the children are packed off to school by servants, instead of having their bonnets and cloaks fastened, with a kiss, by loving fingers—turning back to the open door, as they go, for another bright smile, which they will try hard to be worthy of that day.

As I walk the street I fancy I can pick out the men and women reared in these two homes: one with a bright, joyous face, and the free, firm tread; the other, with no sparkle or glow of face or form, robbed ere life scarcely began, of its dew and its sunshine. Oh, how should such have strength to strike firm root, or put forth healthy blossoming? Oh, the pity of it, that the seed-time of virtue and happiness should be so little considered—that *home* shouldn't be the best "company," and we more anxious to be the "life" of it, than to shine in courts!

FANNY FERN.

MURDERED LOVE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Our love it is cold and dead," said he.
"Dead for ever and ever," said she.
"We will bury it deep in its grave," said he.
"Aye, and the deeper the better," said she.

Low Love lay on his lonely bier,
And over him neither dropped a tear.
The eyes that had once been bright were dim;
The mouth made for kisses was set and grim.

What had been joy was changed to pain.
"Would he were buried!" they said again.
Jealousy stabbed, and Slander stung,
And a savage Pride his lance had flung.

"Ah! it was you who killed him," said he.
"Nay, it was you, and none else," said she.
But the beautiful spirit of Love had fled,
And they went together to bury their dead.

Into the grave the woman threw
A packet of letters tied with blue,
And a ring with a single diamond set,
And never a tear her fair cheek wet.

A picture he to meet them thrust,
And a few dead violets dropped to dust.
"So it is over. Thank God!" said she.
"Leave the dead past with its dead," said he.

And each one turned to a different path,
And parted for ever in hate and wrath.
But over her shoulder a glance she cast,
And marked a spectre that followed fast.

And when behind him a look he turned,
He saw a phantom whose black eyes burned;
And both of them knew, as they went their way,
That never a priest Love's ghost can lay.

And evermore that parted pair
Of a haunting shadow were aware:
It followed her to the gayest ball;
It stood by his side in the dining hall.

At the flush of noon and the dead of night
A whisper paled each cheek with fright.
"I am murdered and buried; my life is o'er,
But my ghost will haunt you for evermore."

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SHADOW IN THE SUNLIGHT.

While Mark Heber did not share Gay's aversion to the crippled half-breed lad whom the returning stock agents had brought with them to the settlement, he still respected Gay's prejudice, and went at once to Mr. Halsey, the especial friend and protector of the half-breed, and informed him that he could not give the lad shelter.

"But why not, Heber?" asked Halsey, in surprise. "You've got an unoccupied loft which the boy could have as well as not, it seems to me There's only two in your family, and the boy is sure to pay his way in work."

"Gay doesn't like him," replied Mark. "She suspects him of being an emissary of Blue Jack."

Halsey uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Everybody in the settlement seems to have Blue Jack on the brain," he exclaimed. "You all start at the fluttering of every leaf, expecting to see an outlaw or a savage rise up to attack you This is all nonsense. The Indians got more than they bargained for on their last visit. You procured ammunition of the soldiers, and we brought home a large supply with us. We are now fifteen in number, and can make twice as effective a resistance as before. The savages won't come back. They've had enough of us. The truth is, Heber, your sister is nervous."

"I think not," said Mark gravely. "At any rate, Halsey, I must respect Gay's wishes, and so I can't take the half-breed into my house."

"I've no room for him," said Halsey, in a tone of vexation. "He's an innocent little chap, as playful as a kitten. He's a cripple too, poor fellow, and I should think your sister's heart would warm toward him. But if she takes a dislike to him, and you humor her whim, of course there's no more to be said. I'll give the boy a blanket, and he can sleep in the open air."

And thus the young half-breed was provided for. He stowed himself at night in an old blanket, and lay down to rest in the square, in the shadow of the block-house, and appeared quite content.

The next day after the return of the stock agents, the settlers went to work zealously upon their lands, plowing the open prairie soil, and turning up the rich loam to the sunlight and the wind.

Notwithstanding Mr. Whitman's declaration that the soil should be left a year to rot before receiving the seed, the urgent needs of the pioneers prompted them to sow a few acres with seed, which they expected to yield them grain for household consumption in the ensuing season.

All the settlers had assistance in their farm labors from sons and brothers, excepting Mark, who plowed his land without aid from any one; but our young hero had the zeal and courage necessary to his task, and his work was completed nearly as soon as that of the others.

Two or three weeks thus passed in busy toil.

There was no further alarm of Indians. No outlaws came to the little settlement. Wagon trains passed each way every few days, always making a halt of at least an hour's duration, and sometimes remaining over night.

In the latter part of the second week of the plowing, a wagon train bound westward halted at midday at the little settlement, and several families in it, after looking about the little town with a keen observation of its natural advantages, and remarking the unusual strength of the defences and the thrifty appearance of the pioneers, begged to be allowed to join them and take up their residence at Heber, and to select farms upon one or other of the two rivers, beyond the farms already occupied by them, and in course of cultivation.

There were five families who thus made application, all from the Atlantic States, all industrious, honest people, who would be an acquisition to any community, and most of all to a new settlement in a border country, such as was the new town of Heber.

These five families comprised eight men, seven women and twenty-three children.

Mr. Whitman bade them welcome, and their depleted train went on to the westward without them.

Five new log-houses were built within the stockade, which was required to be enlarged. A small log school-house was also built, which served as a church upon Sundays. Mr. Hopkins' eldest daughter, a girl of twenty, took charge of the school, which numbered some fifty pupils. On Sunday a prayer-meeting was held in the little school-house, in which all the male settlers took part.

By the latter part of August the enlarged settlement was fully organized, and was thrifty, prosperous and hopeful.

There were now twenty-three men and boys above the age of seventeen to garrison the fort in case of need, plenty of arms and ammunition, and plenty of provision on hand for the coming winter.

The new settlers had brought stock of all kinds, and after building their houses, hastened to select their farms, preferring the river banks and proximity to the little town.

"We shall have no more trouble with the Indians now," said Mr. Whitman delightedly. "They will never attack a fort so strong as this."

This was the general feeling: still the pioneers relaxed nothing of their keen vigilance. They appointed a guard every night, and went forth to their farms fully armed, always leaving some one on guard as a look-out during their absence.

During all this time the half-breed Lemuel had not been an idle recipient of the bounty of the settlers. He had become a general favorite. He was, as Mr. Halsey had said, "as playful as a kitten;" but Gay, who could not conquer her early prejudice against him, thought it rather the playfulness of the young tiger-cat, which at any moment might disappear, leaving the cruel instincts of the savage nature to have full play.

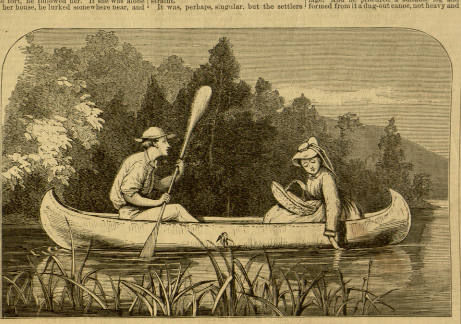
Oddly enough, considering Gay's aversion to him, the half-breed lad followed the young girl about like a dog. If she went outside the fort, he followed her. If she was alone in her house, he lurked somewhere near, and his devotion to Gay became a standing jest among the younger people.

The young fellow was a fine shot, and, borrowing a horse of Mr. Halsey, went out frequently to hunt, and always brought home game. At first he remained within sight of the fort, and contented himself with antelope meat, but, growing bolder, it seemed, he would absent himself for a whole day, bringing back at nightfall a deer or young buffalo, and fine birds without number.

These expeditions occurred three times each week, and Lem. never came back empty-handed. He was the hunter of the settlement, and came and went as he pleased without restraint.

It was, perhaps, singular, but the settlers were too busy to note the fact, or to attach any importance to it, that, whatever might be the direction in which Lem. struck out on leaving the fort, he invariably returned from the northward—from the direction of that grove of cotton-woods in which Mark Heber and Will Whitman had endured their brief captivity among the Indians.

Upon those days in which he remained at the fort, Lem. was not idle. He taught the boys to trap small game; to catch fish from the two rivers; to shoot the arrow from the bow at a target, and a host of little arts such as boys like to learn. He gathered osiers and made baskets for every housewife in the village. And he procured a suitable log and formed from it a dug-out canoe, not heavy and cumbrous, but light and graceful, and provided with paddles. This canoe he presented to Gay Heber, who refused it at first, but seeing the lad's chagrin and disappointment, she finally accepted it, paying him, however, in some garments that Mark had outgrown.



WILL WHITMAN AND GAY HEBER ON THEIR WAY TO GATHER RASPBERRIES.

This little canoe proved a great source of pleasure to Gay, who rowed out in it alone to the islands in the river, and who went up and down the rivers in it, with girlish independence and delight.

The half-breed lad watched her proceedings with furtiveness, knowing just how far she went on every occasion. It may be as well to say here, that the young girl, though brave, was not reckless, and never went out of sight of the fort. Lem. rowed her once or twice to the islands, and his strength of arm contrasted singularly with the delicacy of his appearance, and with his lameness, which appeared to grow no better. It was not to be expected, perhaps, that his infirmity should grow better, he having declared that he had been lame since his earliest childhood.

One bright morning late in August, Lem. went forth, as was his custom, upon a day's hunt. There were antelopes to be seen upon the plains, and deer and buffalo, and Lem. gave chase, going toward the north-west.

The male settlers went out to their farm labors at about the same time, soon after sunrise.

The children played in the square until school-time, but at eight o'clock went in to their studies.

Gay Heber put her house in order, and was standing in her door-way, bright and picturesque, when Will Whitman crossed over to her from his father's house, and said:

"What are you thinking of, Gay? You look as sober as a young owl."

A bright flash of light passed over Gay's saucy little face, as she answered:

"I was considering a most important question, Will. Lem. says that there's no end of berries up the river, growing down upon the banks, and he brought me home some delicious raspberries last night, rowing up on purpose for them. He would have picked more for me to-day, only for the hunt. They are fully ripe, and I would like to surprise Mark with a pudding made of them to-day. And more than that, I'd like to make some raspberry jam, such as we used to have at the East. It is such a help to a plain supper table in the winter. I believe—yes, I will—I'll go up the river in my canoe for a basket of berries."

"Let me go with you," said young Whitman. "I was not wanted out on the prairie to-day, and I've cut wood enough to last mother a week. Let me go with you, Gay. Mother was wishing for berries this morning."

"You may go, if you'll be good," said Gay, smiling; "but I've got to be back to make my pudding, you know, and I've no time to wait."

She ran into her house and put on her hat, and took from the pantry a large osier basket, made for her by Lem. She was coming forth, but suddenly turned back and procured her little revolver and placed it in her bosom. She was in the habit of carrying it with her, even when visiting the islands in the river, or the grove outside the stockade, and took it now more from habit than for any other reason.

On coming out of doors, she found Will Whitman waiting for her, also provided with a basket.

"Mother says we had better not go further up the river than two or three miles," said young Whitman, "and she's ever so pleased at the prospect of having some fresh berries."

The young pair went out of the fort by the postern gate and descended the low bluff to the water's edge. Here the small canoe lay on the narrow strip of shore, half out of water. Gay sprang into the little craft with her basket, young Whitman pushed off and sprang in, seizing the paddles, and the canoe shot out into the stream.

Gay crouched in the bottom of the boat, full of gayety and enjoyment. The sunlight was so genial, the breeze so pleasant, the air so full of sweetness, that it was not to be wondered at that her bright, buoyant spirit was blithe with happiness.

Will Whitman headed the canoe against the current, and paddled slowly up the stream.

"It will be all the easier coming back," said Gay philosophically. "We'll just drift down, Will."

They passed on past the stockade and into the open river bordered only by freshly plowed prairie soil.

Half a mile north of the fort, the young voyagers saw Mr. Knox sowing grain, and Will Whitman shot the canoe a little inshore and informed him gayly of the expedition in hand.

Mr. Knox smiled good-naturedly, and wiped his wet forehead, as he shouted back:

"I wish I could go with you. Go up as far as you like, only don't go beyond the five-mile grove. A mile this side the grove are the finest berries I ever saw. I saw them yesterday, when I went up that way after my horse that strayed up there."

"We're not going so far," answered Gay. "I can't be gone over three hours at the very outside. I must be back to get Mark's dinner."

Mr. Knox resumed his work, and the young voyagers passed on.

"How much you think of Mark, Gay," said young Whitman, plying the paddle vigorously. "I suppose it would be a terrible thing if he had to eat a cold dinner for once."

A bright color flushed up into Gay's cheeks. She drooped her head over the side of the boat and trailed her little brown fingers in the water.

"There's no use in Mark's eating a cold dinner," she said composedly, a minute later. "I like to cook for him. All sisters think a good deal of their brothers, I suppose."

"Yes, but they might like other boys just as well or better than their brothers," hinted Will, in something of an aggrieved voice.

"I suppose they might—but then they don't always," returned Gay, with a merry laugh.

"I've seen Mark in to Amory's house three times this week," observed Will carelessly. "And all the Amory children plague Het on account of Mark Heber. Het is sweet on him, I know. Do you suppose they'll be married this winter, Gay?"

Gay's face was quite hidden from young Whitman as she leaned over the side of the half-turned canoe. If he could have seen it, he would have been startled at its pallor. It was some minutes before Gay managed to answer, with strange quietness:

"I don't know, Will. Mark has said nothing to me about his marrying. Hester Amory's a nice girl, and Mark can't do better than to marry her, I suppose."

"How old are you, Gay?" asked Will.

"Fifteen, I suppose. A little past that now, I guess—about fifteen years and two or three months."

Young Whitman opened his eyes in wonder.

"Why, don't you know your age, Gay?" he exclaimed.

"Not exactly."

"Can't Mark tell you?"

"He doesn't know much better than I do," answered Gay.

"That's odd. Any how, you know you are fifteen. I am past seventeen, Gay. And I like you better than any girl at Heber, and so do all our folks. Father picked out a farm for me before the new settlers came, and I can do a man's work already. I noticed some of the other boys making up to you, Gay, and I thought I'd tell you that I've liked you from the minute I first saw you, and I wish you'd be my wife. Say you will, Gay. Won't you now?"

Gay looked up, a flash of mischief in her sombre brown eyes.

"If I should say Yes, what would Tilly Hopkins say?" she demanded. "Don't talk to me of getting married, Will. I'm not old enough. I won't say yes to anybody under two years yet."

"I'll wait two years for you, Gay," cried Will eagerly.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't pay you to wait for me, Will," said Gay, sighing. "I'll tell you what I'd like if I could have what I want. I'd go to a good school for two years yet. As for you, Will, there's time enough by and by to marry. Only don't wait for me. It won't pay. Are not those berries on the bank yonder?"

"No; they are bushes, but the berries are gone. Oh, Gay—"

"Don't now, Will. Mark wouldn't like me to talk of love and such nonsense yet. He said so once when some one tried to plague me about Horace Brown. He was quite angry at the time."

"I'll speak to Mark myself," cried Will. "He likes me, and I know he'll consent to our engagement, Gay. I'll tell him— Ah, there are some bushes on the west bank with lots of berries," added young Whitman, forgetting sentiment in practicality.

He paddled inshore toward the clump of bushes, and the two gathered all the berries they could find.

"We'll find more further up," said Will, looking discontentedly at the few pints they had secured. "I suspect the birds have been ahead of us here. Or likely that Lem. has picked here. Mr. Knox says we'll find lots a mile this side of five-mile grove."

"We'll go on," assented Gay, after a glance at the sun. "There's plenty of time, if we hurry."

They got into the canoe again, and paddled up the river. Young Whitman renewed his suit on the way, with a sort of boyish despair, and Gay laughed at him, and finally said nothing when he again declared that he should see Mark Heber, and upon that very evening.

The young girl was glad when they reached the little bend in the river, and the point of land where a thicket of berry bushes grew close down to the water's edge, in the shade of the tall bent trees on the river bank.

She sprang out as the boat grated on the shore, and began to pluck the berries with energy. Young Whitman followed her example, and their baskets were soon half filled. They were searching the bushes for more berries, when a horseman emerged from the five-mile grove—now not over a mile distant—and came rapidly down the prairie toward them.

Gay grasped her basket and hurried back into the canoe.

"It's Lem.!" exclaimed young Whitman, pausing in the act of pushing off the small dug-out. "He is signalling to us. Let us wait and see what he wants."

They waited accordingly upon the river bank.

In a few minutes the half-breed lad rode up, eager, and with a strange glow on his brown face.

He looked into the half-filled baskets, and cried out:

"I saw you from the grove, and hurried to tell you—there are bushels and bushels of berries in the thicket in the edge of the grove. In ten minutes you can fill your baskets full. Come up with me, and I'll help you."

Gay looked doubtfully at her berries, but before she could answer, young Whitman said eagerly:

"Do come, Gay. There's lots of time. And this afternoon, you know, you and mother can make your jam."

"Is it safe to go so far?" asked Gay hesitatingly.

"Mr. Knox said it was," replied young Whitman. "You know, Lem. Is there any danger?"

A strange sparkle lit up the half-breed's eyes.

"I've swept the plain in a circuit of fifteen miles," he said, "and I've got a fine buck up in the grove, and I haven't seen the first shadow of any human being since I came out. Safe! It's as safe as the inside of the stockade. It's not quite a mile up to the edge of the grove, and we needn't stop there over ten minutes. Then we can hurry back. But if you'd rather not go, I wouldn't. Only," he added craftily, "there are bushels of berries up there just rotting on the bushes. I couldn't help, when I saw 'em, thinking how Mark Heber said last night that he wished he had a lot of ripe berries in his bowl of bread and milk, but he had no time to gather them."

"We'll go, Will," said Gay. "Let us hurry, please."

Young Whitman pushed off the canoe, and sprang in, paddling up the stream.

The half-breed lad rode along the bank swiftly for some distance toward the grove, then wheeled his animal and described graceful circles upon the prairie with the grace and ease of a Comanche warrior. Gay watched his antics with admiring interest.

"I wonder where he learned all that," she said. "He says he has always lived among the whites."

"It comes natural to him," said young Whitman. "He had an Indian mother. And then his father was a white hunter, and some of the white hunters are as bold and daring as any Indian. Lem. is in uncommon spirits to-day."

The half-breed rider circled near to the bank, and then shot forward in a straight line toward the grove, into whose shadows he presently vanished. He came out again a minute later, his face glowing, his eyes sparkling with a sinister light, a strange smile upon his lips. He sat his horse as if carved in wood, waiting for the young couple in the canoe to come up.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SHADOW DEEPENS TO DARKNESS.

A few minutes later the little dug-out canoe grated upon the soil of the river shore, at the southern edge of the berry thicket. The half-breed boy sprang from his saddle, turning his horse loose into the grove, and pulled the boat high up out of the water. Will Whitman leaped out upon the bank, assisting Gay, and Lem. guided them both toward the grove, exclaiming:

"The berries are thickest and best up here in the shade. Those in the sun down there are dried up on their stems."

This proved to be the fact, and Gay Heber and young Whitman advanced into the shadow of the big cotton-woods, chattering gayly, and working busily. The half-breed boy helped them in their task. He found the choicest fruit, full of juicy ripeness and delicious flavor, and the young pair followed his guidance unconsciously, stripping each bush easy of access of its finest berries, and rejecting all inferior fruit.

"There are 'bushels and bushels,' as Lem. said," cried Gay, her small brown hands grasping on every side. "We'll make a party and come up to-morrow, Will. Mark shall treat himself to a holiday for once, and we'll bring all the young men and girls. There are horses enough at the fort now, Will, and we can have a picnic on the river bank, or here in the grove—"

"Not in the grove, Gay," said young Whitman. "That grove is too full of unpleasant remembrances to Mark and me, to be relished as a place for a picnic."

"Ah, yes," said Gay. "We are close up in the shadow of the grove—in the very edge of it, in fact. I'd like to see the spot where you and Mark were taken prisoners, and the point at which you escaped. You haven't time to show me to-day, but to-morrow I want to hear the whole story of that adventure over again, in the place where it happened. There, my basket is full, Will, and we'll be back in good time, after all. I'm glad we came up here. These berries are the finest I ever tasted. Is your basket filled?"

"Not quite," answered young Whitman, creeping around to the outer edge of the bank, overhanging the river, his eyes fixed upon a bush laden with fruit of greater size than any he had yet seen. "I mean to break off a long spray I see here, to lay around the top of your basket like a wreath, leaves and all."

"Take care!" laughed Gay. "You'll fall into the water."

"No danger. Lem., you bring the canoe up under me, that's a good fellow. Lem.! Where is he, Gay?"

"He just slipped into the grove to catch his horse, I suppose," replied Gay. "Come, Will. I am growing uneasy. Let us get off. I'll bring the boat up under you, and you can drop into it."

She had been idly leaning against the huge trunk of a tree for the last minute, her basket in her hand. Now she made a movement to start forward, but in the same instant she was caught from behind in a violent grasp, and an arm was thrown around her, pinioning her arms to her side.

"Lem.!" she cried indignantly, and then the words she would have spoken froze upon her lips.

For a savage face was bent over her, savage eyes peered into her own, and a stalwart Indian, the owner of the eyes and face, caught up the girl as if she had been an infant.

Her assailant was not Lem. the half-breed, but a full-blooded Sioux, an active, sound young warrior, with nerves like steel.

Gay Heber uttered a wild shriek of terror, that rang out upon the prairie far and wide.

At the same moment, two Indians with plumed heads and naked breasts burst forth from the covert of the wood and fired at young Whitman.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected, and the footing of the youth was so precarious, that he toppled backward, falling over into the river.

To this catastrophe it was, probably, he owed his life.

The savages fired at him once or twice as his head was seen in the water, but a shrill call from the interior of the grove summoned them away into the shadows of the trees.

The Indian who had caught up Gay clasped her close to his heaving breast, and bounded with her through the grove, to its northern side.

Here two Indians were waiting, in charge of a dozen horses, seven of which were saddled and bridled. Gay was hurried into one of the saddles, and bound to it, her feet being strapped together with thongs, her hands being also secured behind her back.

The two Indians who had attacked Will Whitman came crashing through the bushes, and bounded into the saddles.

And after them came the half-breed lad, as lithe as a young deer, with no suspicion of lameness in his agile bounds. He leaped into his saddle, all excitement and breathlessness.

Gay screamed again and again, and one of the Indians spoke harshly to her in his own tongue, caught up her bridle, and led the way out upon the open plain, the grove between him and the fort, and struck out at a wild gallop.

There were five Indians besides the half-breed lad, and there were five led horses, a fact which would have proved, to one more experienced than Gay, that a long journey was in contemplation by her captors.

"He says," said the young half-breed, addressing Gay, with an inclination of his head toward the savage who had spoken to her, "that you will do well to keep your mouth shut. If you scream again, they will gag you."

Gay shuddered with horror.

"Is—is poor Will Whitman dead?" she gasped, her wild eyes fixed imploringly upon Lem.

"No; they hadn't time to make sure of him," answered the lad coolly. "The Indians who attacked him were seen from the fort. There was a man on the block-house, as usual, with a spy-glass. There goes the summons to the settlers to come in to the fort. Hear it?"

The low, far-off booming of the swivel gun was heard from the distant fort, now growing more distant with every instant of that wild gallop.

"O Heaven! Poor Mark!" murmured Gay, in her anguish. "My poor brother!"

Lem. did not reply to her. The Indians did not flag in their mad flight, and Gay's head sank low on her breast.

Mile after mile was left behind. The savages looked frequently over their shoulders, but not yet could they see signs of pursuit. Gay knew as well as if she had seen it the confusion and horror that must pervade the fort, and she pictured in her own mind the hurrying from the fields, the terror, the mounting in haste, the hurried pursuit.

"They are after us," said the half-breed boy at last, quite coolly, as the Indians slackened their speed to give their horses rest, rising in his saddle, and sweeping the plain behind him with a spy-glass belonging to one of the savages. "But they're ten miles behind, and they might as well stay at home. They'll never overtake us."

"And Will Whitman? Can you see him?"

"No. The river is lower than the prairie, and is hidden by trees. But he's safe enough. Pity they missed him!"

Gay's eyes opened yet more widely.

"Lem.," she asked tremulously, "was all you told us at the fort false?"

"Not all," answered Lem. coolly. "I'm a half-breed, just as I said. Only I'm the son of an Indian chief," he added proudly, "by his white wife whom he took captive from her nation and made his wife. I shall be a great warrior some day. The blood of Yako flows in my veins."

"And were you brought up by the whites?"

"No: I was brought up by my father's people. My mother is dead, but I am the favorite of the great Devil Chief, and he has kept me with him for years. He has left me at Denver for weeks, and at the little stations on the route of the wagon trains, to learn who were in the trains and how much money they had. A boy like me can pick up such things better than men can. I am a great help to the Devil Chief."

"The Devil Chief is Blue Jack?"

"The whites call him Blue Jack."

"What is his other name?"

"I never heard any other than those two."

"And you are not lame?"

"No, indeed," cried Lem. indignantly. "I only pretend to be lame when I'm at the white settlements. And I'm not called Lem. among my people. My name among the Sioux is Mishko."

"You are a treacherous serpent," cried Gay. "The people at the fort were good to you, and this is the way you reward them. I have always heard that Indians remember kindnesses; but you, it seems, are only a half-blood, for you do not."

The half-breed's face flushed hotly, and his eyes sparkled with fierce anger.

"I paid my way with the game I killed," he cried. "I slept in no man's house at the fort; I owe no man kindness. You never liked me. I am a true Indian, and I hate my mother's people. The Devil Chief heard that men were gone from your settlement for stock. He made an attack with many warriors on the settlement, but the soldiers came and the Indians retreated. Then the Devil Chief tried a new plan. He did not care for the lives of the whites at the fort—only for two persons there. And he sent me to Hiley's Ranche, a station this side of Colorado, and bade me wait there till the stock agents came up, and then work in with them and go to their settlement. And I did so. He told me to pretend to go out to hunt, and to come three times a week, on certain days, to the five-mile grove, and look there for messengers from him. I came the day before yesterday and found a strip of bark with writing on it, saying that my friends would be at the grove last night. They came up in the darkness, unseen from the fort."

"And so you decoyed me out here!"

"Yes. But Mark Heber would not come.

The Devil Chief will find him also by and by, and put him to death. Our people have sworn to burn him to death, because he has killed our warriors."

The lad arose again in his saddle, and swept a fierce gaze through his spy-glass backward. Then he spoke some words in the Indian tongue, and the whole party quickened their speed again to a swift gallop.

For hours they rode as fast as their horses could carry them. About an hour after noon they halted at a creek to refresh and feed the horses, and the Indians produced wallets of parched corn and cold meat, and offered some to their young captive.

She shook her head in silence.

She was seated on the ground, bound hand and foot. Lem. spoke a few words in the Dacota language to the leader of the party, and then approached the girl, untying her feet and loosening her hands. Then he brought forth from his saddle-bags the generous luncheon Mrs. Halsey had given him that morning, of bread, cold buffalo steak and gingerbread.

"You must eat," he said. "Take this. The Devil Chief said that you were not to be harmed. Eat, or you will fall sick."

Gay obeyed the injunction, forcing herself to eat a little, and putting the rest of the food given her in her pocket.

Then, making the most of her limited freedom, she went down to the creek and drank of the clear water, and wandered among the few trees on its bank, and meditated wild plans of escape, from which she was recalled by the half-breed, who led her back to his companions, himself securing her bonds with even greater care than had been before employed.

The saddles—five of them at least—were changed to the led horses. Gay and the boy being of light weight, rode the horses that had brought them thus far.

The whole party mounted again, and Lem. looked back with his spy-glass.

Far away to the southward, he could see moving black specks, which he knew to be the figures of the pursuers upon the trail of Gay and her captors.

The Indian leader gave the word of command, and away went the little party upon their ride that seemed endless.

The sun beat fiercely upon them, and but for the cool breeze that tempered the extreme heat, Gay must have fainted in her saddle. The Indians did not seem to experience the least fatigue, but they were for the most part taciturn, seldom speaking save to ask in their own tongue some question about the pursuers, which the half-breed lad answered, after due scrutiny through his spy-glass.

They halted again at nightfall, upon the bank of a nearly dry creek, and rested here an hour or more. The men ate their parched corn and cold meat, and Gay ate her gingerbread.

The saddles were again changed upon the horses, which were rubbed down and groomed with considerable care, the savages comprehending that horses well groomed and fed can endure fatigue far better than horses who are simply well fed without the grooming.

Gay was placed in her saddle again, although fatigued already beyond expression by her long ride, and her captors also mounted and resumed their journey.

Their course was still to the northward—a course which, if persisted in with some deviation to the westward, would bring them, after a long journey, to the Black Hills, the retreat of border outlaws, the great mountain fastness of all the bandits of the plains. The Sioux country lay directly in the line they were travelling.

"Are we going to keep to the north all the time?" asked Gay, remembering that Mark had once told her that the Black Hills lay to the north-west of their home, and that the home of the Sioux people was directly to the north of their settlement, but many days distant. "Are we going to the Sioux villages?"

"You'll see what you'll see," answered Lem. briefly.

"Of course you are not going to turn off to the Black Hills?" asked Gay anxiously.

"Why do you speak of the Black Hills?" inquired the half-breed. "What should we do there?"

"I supposed that Blue Jack had some refuge or stronghold there, as so many outlaws have."

"Ugh! The stronghold of the Devil Chief is among the Dacotas," answered the lad. "You need not be troubled; wherever you go, you will be safely guarded."

This was all the information concerning her destination which Gay could elicit.

They journeyed all that night, and the girl dozed in her saddle. The moon shone with a mellow lustre; and the solemn stars flooded the far plains with the glory of their shining. Lem. also slept in his saddle, waking now and then to look back into the dim distance, but he could see no more the outlines of the pursuers.

At daybreak the next morning another halt was made. The horses were very tired, and on being picketed, lay down without seeking food. The Indians ate their frugal meal, and Gay consumed a portion of the cold meat Lem. had given her on the previous day.

They remained at rest until midday. The horses were fed and groomed, and at noon the party mounted and again rode upon their way.

And now there was no sign whatever of pursuit.

"Your friends have given up the chase," said the half-breed, after a long and searching gaze in the direction they had come. "The settlers are unwilling to come so far from home. They fear another attack upon the fort during their absence. They dare not leave the fort feebly manned. They had no led horses with them, and probably no provisions. They dare not follow us up into the Sioux country. They have gone back and abandoned you."

These declarations fell like leaden hail upon Gay's spirit.

"They may have gone back," she said, "but they have not abandoned me. They will pursue me with soldiers from Fort McPherson—"

The half-breed lad laughed aloud.

"Bah!" he said contemptuously. "Do we not attack wagon trains, destroy settlements, scalp men and women, and carry the children into captivity; and what do your soldiers do? They sometimes fight, it is true, and sometimes get back our captives, but oftener they don't. There are not soldiers enough to keep the forts and to make war upon the Dacotas," he added proudly. "And besides, if the soldiers come for you, they may not find you."

The savages rode more leisurely upon this day, having no longer fear of immediate pursuit.

That night they encamped upon the plain.

Upon the morning of the following day they resumed their march at daybreak, making a brief halt at noon.

Late in the afternoon of this day, a body of horsemen was seen afar off upon the plain to the northward, approaching the small party in whose custody Gay was held. The sight of this body produced the greatest excitement among the five savages and the half-breed lad.

Each looked through the spy-glass in turn, and then with cries of joy put spurs to their horses and dashed onward to meet the advancing company, which was still so far off that Gay could only make out mere specks of darkness on the horizon.

"What is it?" she asked, catching the general excitement.

"It is the Devil Chief and a score of warriors," answered the half-breed boy. "They are coming to meet us. We shall camp with them to-night. Now let your friends come on; we can give them battle. But they won't come. Long before they start out again in search of you, you will be far beyond their reach, where they will never find you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

—A husband regretting the loss of his *first*, in the presence of his *second* wife, was told by her, that "no one had more reason to wish his former spouse alive than she had."

WHAT HE FOUND.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Now, mother, tell me why it is you are so anxious to have me find Mrs. Morris, when I reach New York?"

"I have intended to do so, Stanley, but have delayed as long as possible referring to the saddest days of my life. To-morrow you leave me, and I wish to have you feel the deep debt of gratitude we owe the woman who was our only friend when we were in sore need, strangers in a strange land. You know, my son, of your father's dying when you were scarcely two years old. He left us a year previous, in our English home, and sought employment in New York. He was very successful, and ten months after, he wrote me full of hope and bright anticipation. He bade me come to him, and inclosed money for our passage and the necessary outfit for our journey. How happy I was with thoughts of our reunion! I was an orphan. My home was with a relative, who, though always kind, could not hide from me the fact that we were an additional burden. So, of course, I was doubly anxious to get to your father. On the vessel, coming over, was Mrs. Morris. She was in deep grief; returning, a widow, to the home she had left a happy wife, scarcely two years before. Her husband had long been an invalid. His physicians advised a sea voyage, speaking confidently of the favorable result. But it proved of very little, if any, benefit. He died in London, a few weeks previous to my meeting her.

"On our arrival in New York, we learned before leaving the vessel that the cholera was making fearful progress there. After looking anxiously for your father's coming in vain, Mrs. Morris proposed I should share the carriage waiting, with friends, for her, and go to my husband's boarding-house, the address of which I had. A terrible dread filled my heart. He must be ill, I felt sure, or he would have met us. We reached our destination. Resisting Mrs. Morris' efforts to detain me while the driver went to inquire, I sprang from the carriage, rang the door bell, and asked for Mr. Newton. I distinctly remember the look of deep sympathy from the Irish girl who answered the bell, and quickly ran back, to return with the lady of the house. She drew me into the sitting-room, and strove to break gently the terrible tidings. I heard her tell that your father had fallen a victim to the dreadful scourge. They had buried him only the day before. Nothing more I knew until, several hours after, I woke to consciousness in Mrs. Morris' home. Tenderly she cared for you during my sickness which followed the fearful shock, gently soothing me all the time with promises of her continual friendship. The little money left after defraying your father's expenses was insufficient to take us back to England, and if otherwise, I should have hesitated to return again to burden my uncle.

"'You must stay with me. Share my home as a sister as long as you choose, or until your little man here provides for you a better one,' said this kind friend that God had raised up for me in my great trouble.

"She was holding you in her arms then, caressing you. She continued to cheer me with her kind, loving assurances.

"I remained with her several months, until I grew well and strong. Then I insisted that she should help me to obtain some employment. I could not consent longer to remain dependent. It was imposing on her hospitality. I felt my services were but small remuneration for all she gave me.

"Yielding to my entreaties, she obtained for me the position of nursery governess for Mr. Manners' children. With them I remained during the day, returning to you at night. How lovingly she cared for you in my absence! As faithfully as if her own, through the many diseases of childhood, she nursed you.

"When I had been thus daily separated from you for eighteen months, my patrons proposed I should bring you, and remain with them all the time. Dear, good Mrs. Morris really grieved to part with you. She had no children, and I believe would gladly have kept you always. We lived very happily in our new home for nearly five years. There, of course, it was I met Dr. Manners, who came from his western home to visit his brother. When he returned, you and I went with him. You know that through his loving care you have never felt the loss of your father. Until the last five years, I corresponded regularly with my friend. What can have prevented my hearing from her during this long time I cannot tell, unless the letter I wrote, telling her of my removal from Iowa to this State never reached her, and she may have written there to me. Sometimes I fear she may be dead, or in very destitute circumstances. Her means were very limited when we were with her. Quite likely, in the great goodness of her heart, she has continued her charities until she has impoverished herself. Now, my boy, you know why I am so anxious you should find her, and in every possible way seek to prove our gratitude."

"Indeed, mother, I will. But surely God will not let so noble a woman suffer. I will find her if she is living, and she shall have a son who, if she needs, will make a home for her. Mother, my heart is filled now with love for her who was my other mother."

"That's right, my son. I would have you feel so," said Mrs. Manners. "Now here come your sisters to tell their wishes. You will have enough to keep you very busy. Take out your tablets, to make note of what you could never remember otherwise, I'm sure."

"All right, mother. But your wish is marked on the tablets of my heart," Stanley Newton answered.

A few days after, he arrived in New York. Presenting his letter of introduction, he was cordially received by several of the most respectable and influential families of the city. But Stanley had little time for social intercourse. He immediately began his studies in the office of a celebrated lawyer. Every hour that he could spare from duty he devoted to the earnest determination of finding his mother's friend.

Through the liberality of his step-father, Dr. Manners, Stanley had sufficient money to permit his indulging in amusements, but he would not. Every dollar was reserved for the one sacred purpose—to relieve Mrs. Morris, if he found her in poverty.

One evening he yielded to the earnest entreaty of a young friend to accept an invitation to the opera.

"I will take no excuse; you must go. You have made such a recluse of yourself. But I am determined to draw you out to-night. I have secured a fine position for you to command a view not only of the stage, but also of the audience. I want you to see our beautiful girls," said his friend.

Never was there a more brilliant assemblage. It was one of Rossini's best operas, which should certainly have enchained Stanley's entire attention; but to his friend's perfect amazement, in answer to his admiring exclamation, "Beautiful! exquisite! sublime!" Stanley replied:

"Indeed she is. Who is she? Is that her father attending her?"

His eyes were fixed on a private box close by.

"Who are you talking about, man?" asked his friend, in a low tone.

"Why, I thought you were speaking of that young lady in the opposite box. Excuse me, Frank; I had really forgotten all about the performance," said Stanley.

"Well, I declare! You are a nice fellow to bring to hear an opera. Don't look there so much. I'll tell you all about them, when we get out."

Stanley tried very hard to keep his eyes on the stage, but they would wander to the most beautiful girl he had ever seen—one so different from the many there. All others were so much dressed; feathers, flowers, jewels and ribbons everywhere, except with that lovely girl, whose head was adorned only by its own wealth of bright brown hair, which was drawn back from her fair face, and fell in a heavy cluster, wavy and curling, to her waist.

Stanley could not keep his eyes away from the beautiful girl until he felt sure his constant gazing had attracted the notice of another young lady who was seated next to her. Stanley saw her speak, and then, looking toward him, seemed to be directing the attention of her companion. But instead of turning toward him, the lovely girl drew further back in the shade, and Stanley allowed his eyes to wander no longer. He felt that she was displeased, and perhaps considered him very rude.

"Oh, if she only knew how impossible it was for me to keep my eyes away, she would pity me," he thought.

"It was a clear case of love at first sight," his friend declared, when they were on their way home, and Stanley asked:

"Who is she? Do tell me, Frank!"

"She is one of the greatest heiresses of our city—Miss De Crespigney. Ah, I see, Stanley. You have gone the way of all the rest. Well, try your luck. You are as fine looking a fellow as I know, and can easily obtain an introduction. You may be the fortunate one."

"Do you mean to say none of her numerous admirers have found favor with her? That she is not engaged?"

"Yes, I mean not engaged, nor likely to be, it seems. She treats all alike kindly, gently dismissing them as lovers, yet retaining their friendship. She has passed two seasons thus."

"And that grand looking old gentleman with her, who is he?" asked Stanley.

"Her father—a courteous, genial man. You need not fear him," answered Frank.

Stanley returned home, to sleep and dream of the beautiful girl. Indeed she was constantly in his thoughts, and he deeply, hopelessly in love.

A few days after, when sitting in the park, he heard the clattering of approaching horses' hoofs. Looking up, he beheld, dashing wildly forward, a terrified animal, bearing a beautiful girl, whom Stanley immediately recognized as Miss De Crespigney. Springing forward, he caught the reins, and succeeded in arresting its mad course; and lifting from the saddle the almost senseless girl, bore her to a seat. Immediately after, her father rode up, his face blanched with terror.

Stanley, seeing his alarm, said quickly:

"Your daughter is unharmed, sir."

"Thank this gentleman, papa," the beautiful girl said.

The old gentleman caught Stanley's hand, saying:

"I scarcely know how to express my gratitude, sir. But for your timely aid, I might have been childless."

What Stanley replied, he never remembered himself. But it made a very favorable impression on Mr. De Crespigney, for on parting with him he gave him his card, and urged a speedy call.

A sweet, grateful smile Eva gave him, which might have filled Stanley's heart with great hope; but he would not accept it so. Such happiness was not for him. He could not seek her love, even if it were possible he might win it.

When relating the incident of the afternoon to his friend, Frank exclaimed:

"Why, old fellow, you are in luck. Fate or fortune, whichever you may call it, has given you a great lift. Accept Mr. De Crespigney's invitation; and I'll be willing to wager all my earthly goods you will ask me to stand groom's-man before I am very many years or months older. Go ahead, Stanley!"

"I dare not—I cannot. Although never aspiring to such joy as you speak of, still it would be great pleasure to know that lovely girl; but even that I cannot grant myself."

"Why not? What is to prevent?" asked Frank.

"Duty—a sacred duty I have to perform. If I went to visit Miss De Crespigney, I should have to dress more, and in many little elegances of the toilet, spend money which I have devoted to another object. I will tell you."

And Stanley proceeded to tell in few words his mother's story. At the conclusion of which, Frank exclaimed:

"Well, we *must* find Mrs. Morris; I'll help you. And now to work. What have you done?"

Stanley told of his continual inquiries, and endeavors to find some clue from the old residents in the neighborhood.

"Oh, nonsense, boy! I'll have her before the week is out."

Sitting down to the desk he wrote:

"If Mrs. Alba Morris, who came from England in the steamer *Magnolia*, July, 1851, will call at No. 55 —— street, she will hear something to her advantage."

"There, if living, this will bring her," he said, handing the paper to Stanley.

"I wonder I never thought of this. We will go now to the newspaper office," said Stanley.

Three days after, the friends were seated in the office when a lady entered.

They had just been talking of Mrs. Morris. And when Stanley's eyes rested on the face of the sweet, motherly looking woman, he hastened forward, and said eagerly:

"*You* are Mrs. Morris, I am sure. O yes, my heart claims you, my other mother!"

"Yes, yes; and you are my boy, Stanley Newton, the only son I ever knew."

The good woman's eyes filled with tears, as Stanley, clasping her hand in his, drew her to a seat on the sofa, and sank beside her, exclaiming:

"Thank Heaven, I have found you!"

Frank withdrew then, and there followed mutual explanations concerning the long silence between the friends. Letters had miscarried both ways.

"My circumstances have changed very much since then," said Mrs. Morris.

"Yes, mother feared as much. You were ever so very kind. But God is too good to let you be needy long. Now your boy has found you, things will be different. Nothing I can do can repay you for all you gave to us. But all I have, all I gain in the future, is to comfort you."

"My good, noble boy!" Mrs. Morris said, putting her arms round him and pressing her lips to his. "You will come to see me this evening, and we will have a long talk?"

"Yes, indeed I will. And you will speak plainly to me, as to your own son?"

"Yes, Stanley; here is the address. I will look for you," she said, handing him a card, and bidding him good-bye.

Frank soon after returned, and asked quickly:

"Well, is it as you feared?"

"O yes. I am to go to see her to-night. There is her address."

"I thought so, by her very plain attire. But what is this? No. ——, Fifth Avenue! Ah, yes. She is a housekeeper, I suppose," said Frank.

"*That* shall not last long though," Stanley returned.

Frank looked again at the card, and catching it up, held it before Stanley, exclaiming:

"Look at this again. I declare, Stanley, fate has determined to throw you constantly in Miss De Crespigney's way. Your friend is living there. You might as well yield to the good fortune which I am sure is waiting for you, not be fighting against it."

"I am very sorry she is there."

"Well, you need not worry. Be sure if you call *only* to see the *housekeeper*, she will receive you in the housekeeper's room."

"That is well. I shall not presume on Mr. De Crespigney's kindness."

Stanley, choosing an hour when he thought Mrs. Morris' duties would not claim her, presented himself at Mr. De Crespigney's mansion.

Ringing the bell, which was immediately answered by a servant, Stanley inquired for Mrs. Morris. He was about handing his card, when his friend came into the hall, cordially welcoming him. Still holding his hand, she drew him into the magnificent drawing-room, and up to Mr. De Crespigney, saying:

"My husband—" but before she could proceed with the introduction the old gentleman exclaimed:

"Why, bless my heart, this is *my* young friend! I've been waiting and wishing him to call for two days, never dreaming *your* friend, whom you have been talking so much about, was the same fellow. Welcome, welcome, my boy! If you are my wife's boy, you are certainly mine too."

Stanley's surprise may be imagined; and his face flushed with mortification when he remembered his words to her whom he thought was still Mrs. Morris, poor and needy.

Mr. De Crespigney went out to summon his daughter, and Stanley began an apology for his great mistake.

"Dear boy, if you knew how much real joy your kind, loving words gave me, you would not attempt an apology. You have proved your noble nature. But here comes Eva."

Sweetly the beautiful girl greeted him, and never in his life had Stanley spent so happy an evening.

"How now, Stanley? Shall you yield to Fate and your heart's pleadings?" Frank said, after Stanley had told him of the denouement.

"I shall yield to my heart's pleading. What my *fate* may be I fear to think," answered Stanley.

A few months after, Stanley sought her who always called him "son," and, opening his heart for her knowledge and guidance, said:

"I love her! I love her! What shall I do? I have struggled against it. Dare I hope? Oh, speak and direct me!"

"Take hope, my son. Go to her father. He is noble, kind and just. You need have no fears," said his friend.

"Eva, sweet Eva, your father has given me permission to tell you, what you surely must have long since divined, how deeply and truly I love you. May I say all my heart is eager to tell?"

A beautiful, encouraging smile bade him speak that which the lovely girl was happy to know.

The next morning Frank exclaimed, as Stanley entered the office:

"What has come over you, man? You look as if you had just arrived from the land of perfect bliss."

"Or have just entered there," answered Stanley. "Frank, your prediction has come true. Thank Heaven, Eva De Crespigney will be mine!"

And so ended all Stanley's plans of sacrifice, the intention of which had secured for him such a blessed reward.

A LOST HEIRESS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Really," observed Mr. Kenneth Field, as he viewed the blue lake gleams seemingly intertwined between the spurs of softly wooded hills, "you have a pleasant place to summer in, Frankland."

"Jolly!" assented Frankland, who sat with the heels of his dainty French boots upon the rail of the hotel piazza. "Nice band; good table; fishing and hunting capital, if a fellow chooses to take the trouble; nice bits of scenery, and no end of fun with picnics and croquet parties. Yes, you're right, Ken. There may be worse places. But," and here he lowered his voice into a mysterious whisper, "there's an heiress thrown into the bargain."

"An heiress! Oh, you mean Miss Biggin?"

"Miss Biggin! Pooh! As if her paltry forty thousand dollars were worth a second thought! No, no, old fellow. I mean an heiress that is worthy of the name. Did you notice that gray stone house on the hill, when you rode up in the stage?"

"With a battlemented tower and a range of conservatories in the rear? and a deep glen cutting off the external world?"

"Exactly so. Well, there is where the heiress lives, or rather where she will live when she returns from Europe, within a week or two. And there's where *I* shall live when I have won her."

Field laughed.

"It seems to me you are taking a good deal for granted, Frankland."

Frankland stroked his soft, silky beard.

"Not so much, after all," he said. "It's just as easy to marry rich as it is to marry poor, if one only goes scientifically to work. My sister Rosamond will help me—a clever girl, Rosamond, who is up to all the ropes in society; and my aunt Jefferson, who died last fall, used to know Miss Althorpe's mother when they were school-girls. Miss Althorpe is very soft on the subject of her mother, and if there isn't a string of sequences which must undoubtedly lead to the apex of my hopes, call me a wooden-headed idiot."

"But did it never occur to you that others might also enter the lists of competition for this moneyed maiden?"

"Let 'em. *I* mean to outreach them all."

"And suppose Miss Althorpe should have the bad taste not to fancy you?"

"I shall make her fancy me."

"You talk as if you were a disguised magician, with a store of love philters and amulets hidden away in your pockets."

"Any man who isn't positively ape-like in his physiognomy can make a girl like him without any of those pre-Adamite contrivances," observed Frankland coolly.

"My dear Frankland," said Field, "you are either a great genius or a conceited fool!"

"Or perhaps a little of both. Well, we shall see. Here comes Rosamond; and now what do you say to a stroll up the glen?"

"Shall we not be invading the heiress' dominions?"

"Oh, they are free to all peaceably disposed citizens who refrain from cutting the shrubbery or strewing the table-lands of green turf with empty beer bottles and egg shells."

Miss Frankland came up as her brother ceased speaking. She was a tall, showy blonde, with a radiant complexion and a good set of teeth, which she took particular pains to display.

"Has Guy been telling you about my future sister-in-law?" she said, with a light laugh. "Ah, that smile means that you think us slightly premature. Come, I will wager these gold bracelets against your diamond collar buttons, that Agnes Althorpe becomes Mrs. Guy Frankland within the year."

"Done. The collar button would look very well in that strip of black velvet ribbon you wear around your neck."

"Wouldn't it? And you might give the bracelets to the lady of your love."

"When I find her—yes."

"But come," cried Frankland impatiently. "The afternoon is getting on, and I want you to see the glen before the beautiful purple lights and shadows have vanished from its heights and depths. There is one abyss where a stream frets itself into white foam over a mass of rock, that an artist would lose his wits over. When I come into possession, I mean to have a rustic bridge thrown across the chasm, and a stair-way cut in the rock."

"Do hold your tongue, Guy!" cried his sister. "Why don't you give me a chance to tell my charming morsel of news? The heiress has arrived at The Towers!"

"No!"

"But she has. Captain Dallas, who came over from Havre in the same steamer, wrote me the news."

"The hour and the woman have come!" solemnly uttered Mr. Frankland. "See if I do not find an excuse for calling there within the next four and twenty hours."

"You shall do no such thing, Guy!" exclaimed his fair, imperious sister. "There's a diamond stud at stake for me, as well as an heiress for you, and you must consent to be guided in some measure by my woman's wit. There must be no rash adventure. Pleasure to-day—to-morrow business."

And Mr. Frankland yielded the point of his own impatience to his sister's deeper science, on the subject of heiress-catching.

The walk was beautiful; the glen sylvan and wild enough to justify any amount of enthusiasm: but the party were destined to what Rosamond Frankland called "a delicious adventure," before their return.

In one of the loneliest and most picturesque nooks, the very one, in fact, where a bit of velvet-soft turf, walled in by vine-draped rocks, overhung the chasm where the tiny stream beat itself into boiling crests of snow-white foam, they paused.

"There," announced Frankland, waving his hand toward the narrow ravine; "here is the exact spot where I mean to have the rustic bridge, and a little lower, a summer-house to correspond."

"If the heiress is willing," mischievously added Field.

"Her will shall be my will," said Frankland loftily. "A man's wife— Halloo! who are these people? Strolling musicians, as I live."

A party just beyond the wall of rock, whose vail of floating vine leaves nearly concealed them, had called forth the ejaculation. A man in a rough velveteen suit, with the cone-shaped hat one sees in Italy, and a harp half supported by his elbow; a dark-eyed, brilliant-cheeked girl, in the equally picturesque costume of an Italian singer, with a tambourine lying across her shoulder as she leaned up against the rock—these formed the party; while upon a low camp-stool, just beyond, sat an artist, busily employed in sketching the group.

Frankland stood still, staring. Rosamond curled her lip and tossed her pretty head; while Kenneth Field involuntarily doffed his cap, with the courtesy every true gentleman accords to womanhood in all its forms, as he met the shy glance of the dark-eyed tambourinist.

"I don't know what business these folks can have here," said Frankland haughtily.

"The girl is a bold-looking creature," said Rosamond, "and I think, if she—"

"Pardon, Signora," hesitatingly interrupted the girl, "but I speak English."

Miss Frankland drew herself up.

"It matters little to me whether you do or not," she said haughtily. "I beg, in any event, you will have the goodness *not* to address yourself to me."

"I too am a woman, Signora," softly pleaded the sweet voice; but Frankland stepped arrogantly forward.

"My good people, you may not be aware that you are trespassers upon private grounds. No vagrants are allowed here, and the least you can do will be to avoid annoying my sister with your impertinent and uncalled-for remarks!"

The man in the velveteen suit sprang to his feet, with a flush mounting to his brow; but the girl, laying her hand on his arm, whispered one or two words which apparently fell like oil upon the waves of his rising temper. He smiled, and sank back once more upon his impromptu couch of grass and daisies in a languidly graceful attitude.

"Shall I play you a tune, Signor?" he asked, in Italian, drawing his fingers lightly across the resounding chords of his harp, while the artist looked on with amused eyes.

"Eh? What does he say?" asked Frankland.

The girl interpreted, with a sprightly motion as if she would touch her tambourine.

"I—I haven't any change," said Mr. Frankland, somewhat disconcerted in spite of himself. "Besides, I am not fond of music. These low people presume so!" he added, in a very audible *sotto voce*, as Miss Rosamond drew her delicate muslin skirts together, as if fearing lest the contact of the tambourine player's dress might sully them.

"Not one *little* tune, Signora?" pleaded the pretty tambourinist.

"I wonder you have the impudence to address yourself to me!" said Miss Frankland. "Guy, I do believe you'll have to get these people ordered off the premises!"

The artist, who had sat still all this time, deliberately laid aside his sketching board and pencils at this juncture, and rose to his feet.

"Gently, my friends, gently," he said. "You would find it rather impracticable to warn Miss Althorpe off her own grounds."

Guy Frankland started, and looked around.

"Miss Althorpe!"

The girl with the tambourine stepped forward and made a low courtesy.

"In costume *a la* Tyrolese for my friend Mr. Randal to sketch," she said laughingly. "I am really quite flattered that my impersonation is so correct. Pray don't turn back," with a pretty gesture of her hand, as Mr. Frankland had nearly retreated over the edge of the chasm, in his confusion. "You will find the glen exceedingly pretty a little way further up. I suppose you are people from the hotel, and I am always very glad to have any one enjoy the beauty of the scenery. But I want them to remember to preserve ordinary civility toward their fellow-creatures."

And with a royal motion of the hand, implying dismissal, she resumed her former position.

Mr. Frankland, with his friend and sister, walked on in silence, his face a study to any one skilled in physiognomy. Presently, when well out of hearing, he stopped and turned round.

"Who would have thought it?" he asked, in discomfited tones.

"Things happen curiously in this world," said Field, whose voice had an amused accent. "Miss Frankland, I think you will have to deliver over those bracelets. Guy will hardly win the heiress after this day's work."

Rosamond burst into a flood of angry tears.

"It's all Guy's fault!" she sobbed.

"Not mine any more than it is yours," retorted her brother sullenly.

And a volley of criminations and recriminations followed, more edifying to themselves than to their companion.

Mr. Field was right. Guy Frankland's acquaintance with the heiress never progressed beyond that first interview, more especially as he afterward learned that she was engaged to be married to the hero of the harp and velveteen suit, a handsome young Boston lawyer.

And so it happened that Agnes Althorpe never knew of the promotion originally intended for her.

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Ben. Franklin was once, while in England, in company of several members of the Royal Society, to which he had been admitted, when the conversation turned upon discoveries and inventions yet to be made for the practical benefit of man. Franklin regretted that no method had yet been discovered whereby one person might spin a number of threads of cotton or wool, at the same time. A few days before, they had visited one of the English cotton-spinning districts, where all the threads for the looms were spun by women and children with the old-fashioned spinning-wheel with its single spindle. Franklin's companions smiled incredulously, and Dr. Priestly, who was of the number, declared that the thing was impossible. But Franklin did not think so. He not only deemed the thing practicable, but declared it as his opinion that it would not much longer remain a mystery.

In less than ten years afterward (1764) James Hargreaves invented and set in operation his spinning-jenny, by which he at first spun eight threads at the same time, and afterward eighty. Soon afterward Richard Arkwright invented an improvement in the carding machine by which the roll, or sliver, was made not only uniform in size, but coiled into an incipient thread called "roving." In 1779, while Franklin was yet living, a hale and hearty old man, Samuel Crompton, of Bolton, invented a machine which combined the spinner, or jenny, of Hargreaves with the roller spinning of Arkwright, and it was called the "Mule," or "Mule-jenny."

Thus Franklin lived to see a hundred threads spun by a machine attended by a single person; and had he lived to our day he might have seen that hundred multiplied many times.

S. C., JR.

* * *

—When dissatisfied with ourselves, and exposed to the accusations of conscience, we are very apt to disturb those around us with our petulance and ill-humor.

APRIL'S JUBILATE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Oh, joy! for the warm wind my white brow's caressing:
Deliciously lead me the gentle bright hours:
Already my delicate fingers are pressing
A sweet living gladness, the violet flowers.

Already my voice is at play with the fountains;
My light-dancing feet charm the brown vales to green;
Afar on the long winter-smitten tall mountains
Torrents unfettered show where my sun eyes were seen.

Oh, now what a rapturous music swooned, flowing
From glad mating birds in yon leafed shrines of trees;
What broad sacred beams make the bridals all glowing,
And paradise circle the shores and the seas!

Sing, sing with me, men! Women, sing! March is sleeping:
April's pulses are thrilling the breasts of the world:
Sing, sing, ye dear children! New life's from me sweeping,
While over rain gems prophet rainbows are curled.

◆

A DARING GAME;

OR,

Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A FREAK OF DESTINY.

Upon the morning after the burial of Mrs. Wroat, and the utter discomfiture of the fortune-hunting Mr. and Mrs. Blight, Mr. Harris the lawyer called upon Lally. His card, with a message written upon it, was brought up to the young girl in her own room by Toppen, and Lally came down to the drawing-room, accompanied by Peters. Poor Lally looked very small and weak and childlike in her deep mourning garb, but when she lifted her sorrowful black eyes, the lawyer read in them a woman's capacity for suffering, a woman's strong and resolute character, a woman's enlightened and awakened soul.

"Good-morning, Miss Wroat," he said, with paternal kindness, shaking her hand warmly. "You are looking ill. Ought you not to seek change of air and scene?"

"I would rather remain here, sir," said Lally wearily; "that is, if I may."

"You can go and come at your own will, my dear young lady," said Mr. Harris. "Mrs. Wroat has left you entire liberty to do as you please. This house is yours, and a small country property as well. I came this morning to discuss business with you. I have been the lawyer and business agent of our lamented friend Mrs. Wroat for a third of a century or more, and it was her will that I should continue to have the management of the Wroat property until your marriage, or the attainment of your majority. You are absolute mistress of this house. Is it your desire to keep up the establishment just as it is, or would you prefer a life of greater freedom and of less care?"

"I will stay here," declared Lally. "This house seems home to me. Aunt Wroat loved it, and I will keep it just as she left it. Everything that she has loved or treasured will be sacred to me."

Mr. Harris looked approval of the sentiment. Peters' sour, sharp-featured countenance actually beamed with an unwonted warmth and pleasure. She had feared in her inmost soul that the massive old-fashioned furniture with its odd carvings and quaint designs was to be sent to an auction room, and to be replaced by modern upholstery.

"Shall you retain the present housekeeper and servants?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes," said Lally, "the household is to remain exactly as it is. Mrs. Peters will also remain with me as a friend and attendant. She is the only friend I have now."

"Not the only one, Miss Wroat," said the lawyer warmly. "I am your friend, if you will permit me to call myself so. I have now to explain to you the amount of your income. When the late Mr. Wroat died, many years ago, he bequeathed to his wife who has just died the sum of fifty thousand pounds in securities and real estate. Mrs. Wroat had few expenses outside her own household, and did not expend her entire income, the balance of which has been allowed to accumulate, being annually added to the principal. Thus Mrs. Wroat died possessed of over sixty thousand pounds, ten thousand of which is in real estate. This house is not included in the estimate I have made, having been settled upon Mrs. Wroat at her marriage, as her own property to do with as she pleased. In addition to the real estate, therefore, you have fifty thousand pounds, which is invested in the three per cents, in foreign railway shares, in United States bonds, and in other perfectly safe and reliable securities. The interest upon these investments varies from three to seven per cent., but averages five per cent., and I have to announce to you that you have therefore an annual income of twenty-five hundred pounds, of which, by your aunt's will, you come into immediate possession. Out of this twenty-five hundred pounds per annum, one hundred pounds is to be paid each year to Mrs. Peters, so long as she lives. The rest is absolutely your own! Have I made the matter perfectly plain to you?"

"Perfectly," said Lally. "It is a large fortune, is it not?"

"It is a very fine income for a young lady," assented Mr. Harris, "very fine indeed. Your expenditures need not be limited, you see. All reasonable desires can find perfect gratification upon your income, Miss Wroat. Should you desire it, you can take a house at Brighton for the season, or you might find an agreeable change in visiting your country place, although this is scarcely the season."

"I like the country," said Lally, "and I think it very pleasant in October."

"Yes, so it is in Kent and Surrey, and the South of England," said Mr. Harris, "but this is not a fancy seat, Miss Wroat, and it's away off at the north—in Scotland, in fact, and on the seacoast. It's fearfully wild in winter, I'm told, up there. The snows fall early, and the winds rage, and the thermometer falls below zero."

"I was never in Scotland," said Lally, a little flush of interest brightening her wan small face. "And I own a place up there—a farm perhaps?"

"Two or three farms, but the soil is sterile, and there is an old house in fine order."

"Where is this place? Near Edinburgh?"

"Far north of Edinburgh, Miss Wroat. It's near Inverness—away out of the world at this season, you see. I was up there last year with a shooting party, Mrs. Wroat kindly placing the house at my disposal. There's capital shooting over the estate, and we had a good time, the house being furnished, and a steward residing in a cottage on the estate."

"I should like to go up there," said Lally. "Perhaps I will a little later—but not yet. I don't mind the lateness of the season, Mr. Harris, and I am not afraid of cold and wind and snow, if I can have shelter and fires. In fact, I think I would like to hide myself in some far-off hidden nook until I shall have learned to bear my trials with fortitude. Life is so very bitter to me, Mr. Harris."

"Life bitter at seventeen!" said the lawyer, with an indulgent smile. "You have money, youth, beauty, and will have hosts of friends. You will learn, as we all do, sooner or later, Miss Wroat, to take the bitter with the sweet, and to thank God for all his goodness, instead of repining because one or two blessings are withheld out of so many given. But I will not bore you with a sermon. I have little more to say this morning except that, should you need me, I entreat that you will call upon me at any time. I will come to you at a moment's notice. Is there anything I can now do for you?"

There was nothing, but Lally expressed her gratitude for the offer. Mrs. Peters had a few questions to ask, and when these had been duly answered, Mr. Harris paid into Lally's hands the sum of six hundred pounds, being one quarter's income. He then departed.

The young girl spent the remainder of the day in her own room, not even coming forth to her meals. The next day she came down to the dining-room, but immediately after dinner retired to her apartment. She read no books nor newspapers, but sat before her fire hour after hour, silently brooding, and Peters with an unspeakable anxiety beheld the round gipsy face grow thin and pallid, dark circles form under the black eyes, and the light figure grow lighter and more slender, until she feared that the young mistress would soon follow the old one.

In her distress, Peters had an interview with the housekeeper, and expressed her fears and anxieties.

"A good wind would just blow Miss Lally away," she said. "She's pining, and the first we know she'll be dead. What can I do?"

"Who'd have thought she'd have loved the Missus so much?" said the housekeeper.

"It isn't that alone," declared Peters, "although she loved Mrs. Wroat as a daughter might have loved her, but she's had other troubles that I'm not at liberty to speak of, but which are pressing on her, along with her great-aunt's death, until, I think, the double burden will crush her into the grave. She don't eat more than a bird. I ordered her mourning for her, and when the shopman brought great parcels of silks and bombazines and crapes, she never even looked at them, but said, 'Peters, please select for me. You know what I want.' The dress-maker was in despair yesterday because my young lady would not take an interest in her clothes, and did not give a single direction beyond having them made very plainly. I'll go and see Mr. Harris about her, or else the doctor."

"What does a man know in a case like this?" exclaimed the housekeeper. "The young lady is pining herself to death, Mrs. Peters, and that's the long and the short of it. This great house is dull and lonely to her, and the gloom of the funeral isn't out of it yet. The young mistress wants change—that's what she wants. Take her to some watering-place, or to the Continent, or somewhere else, and give her new interests and a change of scene, and she'll come back as pert and chipper as any bird."

The idea struck Mrs. Peters favorably. She hastened up stairs to the amber room, and softly entered. Lally sat in a great chair before the hearth, her little shrunken figure quite lost among the cushions, her small wan face startlingly pale, and her great black eyes fixed upon the fire. She looked up at her attendant, who approached her with a swelling heart, but with outward calmness.

"If you please, Miss Lally," said Peters, broaching her wishes without delay, "I've been thinking that the house is so gloomy without the dear old mistress, and that you keep so close to your room that you will be ill directly unless some change is made. And I am sure I'd like a change too, for a week or month. And so I make bold to ask you to go for a month to Brighton."

The girl shook her head with a look of pain.

"Not there," she murmured. "I cannot bear the crowds, the gayety, the careless faces and curious eyes."

"Then let us go up to the Heather Hills, your Scottish place," urged Peters. "I have been there once, and we could take Toppen with us, Miss Lally. The steward who lives on the estate can provide us with servants. Let me telegraph him to-day, and let us start to-morrow."

"Very well," said the young mistress listlessly. "If you wish it, Peters, we will go."

The sour face of the faithful maid brightened, and she expressed her thanks warmly for the concession.

"I'll telegraph at once, Miss Lally," she said. "But then the steward is not likely to receive the telegram unless he happens to be at Inverness, which is not likely. I will send Toppen by the first train to prepare for our coming, if you are willing, Miss Lally."

Lally was willing, and Mrs. Peters withdrew to acquaint the tall footman with her mistress' design, and to dispatch him on his journey to the northward. When he had gone she returned to Lally.

"Toppen is on his way to the station, Miss," she announced. "He will have everything in order for us against our arrival. It is cold at Heather Hills, Miss Lally, with the wind blowing off the sea, and you will need flannels and thick boots, and warm clothing."

"Order them for me then, Peters," said Lally, with listless voice and manner.

"But you will want an astrachan jacket to wear with your black dresses, and you must try it on, to be sure that it fits," said Peters. "And you will want books at Heather Hills, and these you can choose best for yourself. And the newspapers must be ordered to be sent to our new address, but that I can do this evening by letter. And you will want work materials, Miss Lally, such as canvas, Berlin wools and patterns; drawing materials, new music, and other things, perhaps. Let me order the carriage, and let us go out and make our purchases."

Lally looked out of the window. The sun was shining, and the air was clear. She had not been out of the house for days, and she assented to Mrs. Peters' proposition. The maid ordered the carriage, and proceeded to array her young mistress for her drive.

The carriage, which was called Mrs. Wroat's carriage, was a job vehicle, hired by the month at a neighboring mews, with horses, and with coachman and footman in livery. It looked like a private brougham, and with its mulberry-colored linings, and plain but elegantly gotten-up harness, was very stylish, and even imposing.

When the carriage came around, Lally and her attendant were quite ready. They descended to the vehicle, and drove away upon their shopping excursion. A fur dealer's was first visited, then a stationer's and bookseller's, then a shop for ladies' work and their materials. Lally's purchases were deposited in the carriage. And lastly the young girl stopped at a picture dealer's in Regent street, a small cabinet painting in the window having caught her eye.

It was simply a quaint Dutch interior, with a broad hearth, a boiling pot over the flames, a great tiled chimney-piece, a Dutch housewife with ample figure and round, good-natured face, and three or four children pausing at the threshhold of the open door to put off their shoes before stepping upon the immaculate floor; a simple picture, executed with fidelity and spirit; but its charm, in Lally's eyes, lay in the fact that in the early days of her marriage, during the brief period she had passed with Rufus Black in New Brompton, in their dingy lodgings, he had painted a cabinet picture of a Dutch interior, nearly like this in design, but as different in execution as may be imagined. His had been but a daub, and he had been glad to get fifteen shillings for it. The price of this picture which had now caught Lally's eye was ten guineas.

The young lady had the picture withdrawn from the window and examined it closely.

"I will take it," she said. "I will select a suitable frame, and you may send it home to-day. Here is my card."

The picture dealer brought an armful of frames for her selection, and while she examined the designs and gilding, a man walked into the shop with a sauntering gait, and paused near her, in contemplation of an old cracked painting to which was attached a card declaring it to be a genuine Murillo.

"This is no more a Murillo than I'm one!" announced the new-comer loudly, half turning his face toward the shopman. "A Murillo? It's a modern daub, gotten up to sell."

At the sound of the stranger's voice Lally started, dropping the frame she held in her hand. She turned around quickly, looking at him with dilating eyes and whitening face, and gasping breath.

The strange connoisseur, who had so boldly given his opinion of the pretended Murillo, was Rufus Black!

He had tired of the loneliness of Hawkhurst, and had run up to town for a day's recreation and amusement. The picture shop in Regent street, into which Lally had strayed that morning, had long been one of his favorite haunts, and the picture Lally had just bought had really given him the idea of the picture he had painted so long before in the dingy room at New Brompton.

His face was half averted, but Lally knew him, and a deathly faintness seized upon her. He was well dressed, and possessed an air of elegance that well became him. His hair was worn long under an artist's broad-brimmed hat, and his features from a side view were sharp and thin. His mouth and chin seemed to have gained firmness and character during the past few months, but in the latter feature was still prominent the dimple Lally had loved, and which, pretty in a woman, is nearly always a sign of weakness and irresolution in a man.

Rufus turned slowly toward the girlish figure in black, his gaze seeking the shopman. A low, strange cry broke from Lally's lips. Rufus heard it and looked at her. Her heavy crape vail was thrown back over her bonnet, and her small face framed in the heavy black folds was so white, so eager, so piteous, that Rufus thought it a vision—an optical illusion—a freak of his imagination. He recoiled in a species of terror.

"Rufus! Oh, Rufus!" cried the deserted young wife, in a wild, involuntary appeal.

Mrs. Peters heard the name, and comprehended the identity of the young man. She came and stood by Lally's side, warning off Rufus by her harsh face and angry eyes.

"Come, my dear," she said, "let us go."

"Rufus! Oh, Rufus!" moaned the poor young wife again, seeing nothing but the anguished, horrified face of her husband, hearing nothing but his quick breathing.

Rufus slowly passed his hand over his forehead.

"My God!" he murmured. "Lally's face! Lally's voice!"

Mrs. Peters took the hand of her young mistress, attempting to lead her from the shop, which but for them and the amazed shopman was happily deserted. But Lally stared at her young husband in a species of fascination, and he returned her gaze with one of horror and amazement, and the old woman's efforts were fruitless.

"My dear, my dear!" whispered Peters anxiously. "Come with me. Come, my darling! He abandoned you. Pluck up a spirit, Miss Lally, and leave him alone!"

Lally slowly arose and moved toward the door, but coming quite near to her stupefied young husband.

"It is I—Lally," she said, with the simplicity of a child, her great black eyes staring at him piteously. "I am not dead, Rufus. It was not I who was drowned in the Thames. I know that you are going to be married again to a great heiress, and I hope you will be happy with her; but she will never love you as I loved you. Good-bye, dear—good-bye forever!"

With a great sob Lally flitted past him, and hurried out to the waiting carriage. Rufus dashed after her, wild-eyed and wild-visaged; but Mrs. Peters grasped him vigorously by the arm, detaining him.

"None of that!" she ejaculated harshly. "I won't have my young lady tampered with. You sha'n't follow her. You've broken her heart already."

"She's mine—my wife!" cried Rufus, still amazed, but in an ecstasy of joy and rapture. "I tell you she's mine. I thought she was dead. I am not engaged to an heiress. I won't marry one. I want my wife—"

"You're too late, sir," said Mrs. Peters grimly. "You should have made up your mind to that effect at the time you abandoned her."

"But I was compelled to abandon her! God alone knows the remorse and anguish I have known since I supposed her dead. I love her better than all the world. How is it that she lives? Why does she wear mourning? Woman, let me go to her!" And he tried to break from the detaining grasp of Peters.

"No, sir," said the woman still more grimly. "If you have a spark of manliness, you will let the young lady alone. She hates you now. I assure you she does. She's only a governess, and you'll lose her her place if you hang around her. I tell you again she hates you."

Rufus uttered a low moan, and sat down abruptly upon a shop bench. Mrs. Peters glided out and entered the carriage, giving the order to return home.

"I told him a lie, God forgive me!" she muttered, as she looked at Lally, who lay back upon the cushions, faint and white. "I told him that you were a governess, Miss Lally. Let him once get wind of your good fortune, and he'll abandon his heiress and come back to you. Let us start for the north to-night, dear Miss Lally, and you will not see him if he comes to Mount street. We can take the night express, and sleep comfortably with our lap robes, and to-morrow night we will sleep at Edinburgh."

"We will do as you say, Peters," said Lally wearily. "Only don't speak to me now."

She buried her face in the cushions, and was silent with a stillness like death.

Meanwhile Rufus Black sat for some minutes in a sort of stupor, but at last raised his haggard eyes and said to the shopkeeper:

"The—the lady who passed out, Benson, was my wife. I had heard she was dead. Can you give me her address?"

The shopman was all sympathy and kindness. He knew Rufus Black had come of a good family, and he suspected, from the scene he had just witnessed, that he had experienced trouble through his marriage. He picked up the mourning card Lally had laid down and read the address aloud.

"'Miss Wroat, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square,'" repeated Rufus. "My wife is governess in that family. Thanks, Benson. I will go to Mount street."

He went out with staggering steps, hailed a hansom cab, gave the order, and was driven to the Wroat mansion in Mount street. The boy called Buttons waited upon the door in Toppen's absence. He was a shrewd lad, and had received private instructions from Peters, who had just come in with her young mistress.

"I want to see Miss Bird," said Rufus abruptly, making a movement to enter the hall.

The boy blocked his path.

"No such lady here, sir," he replied.

"Mrs. Black, perhaps?" suggested Rufus.

"No such lady," persisted the boy.

Rufus offered him a bright coin, and said desperately:

"I want to see the governess—"

"No governess here, sir," said Buttons, pocketing the coin. "No children to teach, sir. There's no lady in the house but the mistress, Miss Wroat, and she don't see no one, sir."

Rufus stood amazed and bewildered.

"Can I not see Miss Wroat?" he asked. "I wish to inquire after a young lady whom I supposed to be here—"

"Miss Wroat can't be disturbed, sir, on no account," said Buttons. "She's not well, and don't receive to-day."

"I will call to-morrow then," said Rufus, with increasing desperation. "I must see her."

He descended the steps, and the door closed behind him.

"Benson must have picked up the wrong card," thought Rufus. "Or Lally might have given a wrong card. Why should she give her employer's card, unless indeed she was buying a picture for her employer? I'll go back and see Benson."

He went back, but the picture dealer affirmed that Lally had given him the card with Miss Wroat's name upon it, and Rufus said to himself:

"I have it. Miss Wroat is the sour-looking, servant-like woman in black, some parvenue grown suddenly rich, and Lally is her companion. This Miss Wroat knows Lally's story and despises me. I'll go back to Mount street this evening, and see Miss Wroat. When I tell her the whole truth she will pity me, and allow me to see Lally, I am sure. I won't care for poverty or toil if I can have back my poor little wife. I will fly with her to some foreign country before my father comes back. But what did Lally mean by my 'marriage with an heiress?' My father must have told her of Neva. Why, I'd rather have my poor little Lally than a thousand haughty Nevas, with a thousand Hawkhursts at their backs."

Early in the evening Rufus returned to Mount street, and Buttons again answered his double knock.

"Family gone away, sir," said the lad, recognizing the visitor.

"Where have they gone?" inquired Rufus, in sudden despair.

Buttons declined to answer, and was about to close the door, when Rufus placed his knee against it and cried out:

"Boy, I must see Miss Wroat, or her young companion. If they have gone away, I must follow them. My business with them is imperative. Tell me truthfully where they have gone, and I will give you this."

He held up as he spoke a glittering half-sovereign.

Buttons hesitated. Clearly he had had his instructions to betray to no one the course his young mistress had taken, and just as clearly his virtue wavered before the glittering bribe offered to him. He reasoned within himself that no one need ever know that he had told, and here was an opportunity to make ten shillings without work. He yielded to the temptation.

"Miss Wroat and Mrs. Peters," he began, with his eyes fixed on the coin—"they—"

"Mrs. Peters? That is what the young companion calls herself? Go on."

"Miss Wroat and Mrs. Peters," repeated the boy, "they have gone to Heather Hills to stay a month—that's where they've gone. Now give me my money."

"In one moment. As soon as you tell me where is Heather Hills."

"Scotland," said the lad. "Inverness. I don't know nothing more, only I know the boxes and trunks were labelled Inverness, for I looked at 'em. The money!"

Rufus paid it, and hurried away, proceeding to the Great Northern Railway station. When he reached it, the night express had gone!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN ACTIVE RESISTANCE.

Neva Wynde was not one to waste her strength in useless repining, nor to give way to weakness and tears at a time when she needed all her keenness of wit and vigor of body, in the contest begun by her enemies. She was a brave, resolute young girl, and she did not lose her bravery and resolution even after matters had been so singularly precipitated to a crisis, and she knew her enemies as they were. She retired into her own room, as we have said, and was locked in. As the bolt shot home and Neva comprehended that she was an actual prisoner, her cheeks flamed with her indignation at the indignity practised upon her, but she did not weep or moan.

She quietly laid aside her fur jacket and hat and went to her window, essaying to look out. The baying of the dogs in the yard below reached her ears, and she went back to her fire, smiling bitterly.

"I see no way of escape," she murmured. "The night is cold, and I might die on the mountains in my wanderings, should I get out. I am in lonely Scottish wilds, but I am in the hands of Providence, and I will fear no evil. Surely Arthur will find me out. Craven Black may be keen-witted, but Arthur is keener. He will find me."

She stirred the logs on the hearth to a brighter blaze, and sat before her fire until long after she heard the French woman go to her bed in the ante-room. At last she arose and barricaded the door with her trunks, and undressed, said her prayers, and went to bed, but not to sleep.

At the usual hour of the morning she arose and dressed herself, making her own toilet. When she had completed it, the door opened and the French woman entered her presence.

"What, dressed, Mademoiselle?" said Celeste. "I am come to dress you, but of course I had to dress Madame and Mrs. Artress first. Mademoiselle is no longer the first person to be considered and waited upon, you see. Mademoiselle was first at Hawkhurst; she is last at the Wilderness."

"Leave the room, Celeste," said Neva haughtily. "After your base treachery to me last night, I must decline your attendance."

"Madame the step-mamma is to be obeyed, not the refractory Mademoiselle," said the French woman insolently. "If Mademoiselle is not satisfied, the remedy lies in Mademoiselle's own hands. The breakfast waits, and foreseeing that Mademoiselle would be ready for it, Monsieur and Madame are already in the dining-room. I will show you the way."

Neva had not expected to be allowed to leave her room, and descended at once to the dining-room, closely attended by Celeste, who gave her not the slightest chance of escape. The Blacks and Mrs. Artress were in the dining-room, and addressed Neva courteously: she responded coldly, and took her seat at the table. Not a word was spoken on either side during the progress of the meal, after which Celeste appeared to conduct Neva back to her room, and the captive was again locked in.

During Neva's brief absence her room had been put in order, and her fire had been freshly made. She sat down with a book, but she could not read. She took out her drawing materials, but she could not work. Her thoughts were with her young lover, and she indulged in speculations as to what he was doing at that moment, and when he would find her.

At noon, Celeste came in bearing a tray on which was a plate of bread and a jug of water. She went out without speaking.

At night, Celeste appeared again with similar refreshments, and made up the fire afresh, and went out without speaking. The prison fare and prison treatment on the silent system was intended to subdue the haughty young captive, whom her enemies expected to see a suppliant for mercy in the course of a few hours. They did not know Neva Wynde. Her proud lip curled, and her soul rebelled against the meanness and wickedness of her oppressors, but she ate her dry bread composedly, and drank the clear water as if it had been wine.

That night, after barricading her door, she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning, when she was dressed and standing by her window, looking out into the gloom of the firs and mountain pines that grew near to the house, and shut out nearly all light and brightness from her room, her door was unlocked, and Mrs. Craven Black swept into the apartment.

Mrs. Black was attired in a Parisian morning robe of white cashmere faced with ermine, and lined throughout with quilted cherry-colored silk. A band of ermine confined her robe at the waist, and was fastened with a jewelled clasp. Her countenance was supercilious and domineering, and her eyes gleamed with prospective triumph.

Neva did not turn from her window after the first glance at her visitor, but continued to look out into the gloom, as if unconscious of her visitor's presence.

"Still rebellious, eh?" said Octavia, pausing near the door, and regarding Neva with smiling insolence. "Are you not ready to become the obedient step-daughter, Neva, and to comply with my demands?"

"I shall never be ready to comply with your demands, Madam," said Neva haughtily.

"Never? Ah, that's a word with a long meaning," said Mrs. Black superciliously. "I think you'll change your mind after a little longer imprisonment. How do you like your Lenten fare? Bread and water is what they give to contumacious prisoners, and it is found effective in subduing obstinate tempers. Don't you think such meagre diet affects your resolution, Neva?"

The young girl did not answer.

"Sulky? Yes, I see. You are but a child, Neva, rebelling against rightful authority. Your father enjoined you to yield me a daughter's obedience. I have not been unreasonable, and you should respect my superior knowledge of the world and my superior wisdom, and give way to them. You are not yet prepared to do this?"

"As much now as I ever shall be," said Neva, her eyes flashing. "Are you really so foolish, Mrs. Black, that you believe you will force me into perjuring myself? Do you really think me a child, whom you can coerce or frighten into obedience to an unjust will? You are mistaken in me. You will find me at the end of a year as firm in my refusal to obey you in this thing, as you find me now."

Mrs. Black looked incredulous.

"My dear Neva," she said caressingly, "I have just been down to the dining-room, and have discovered that we are to have broiled birds on toast, hot rolls and coffee, for breakfast, with the most delicious Scotch marmalade made of Seville oranges. It's a bitter cold morning, just like January. I can feel the cold wind coming in through your windows. Think of going down to the breakfast that is prepared for us below. There is a cover laid for you. Come down with me, Neva, and after breakfast we will go down to the sloop and start on our return home. Is not the picture pleasant? Will you come?"

"I suppose there is a condition attached to partaking of this breakfast," said Neva. "You have not relented?"

"Ah, I hoped you had relented," said Octavia Black, smiling. "Are you sure I have not tempted you? You have only to speak one little word, Yes, and you shall share our breakfast, and we will start for home to-day."

"You must have a high opinion of me," said Neva bitterly. "I will not sell my birthright, Madam, for a mess of pottage. I prefer bread and water to the end of my days, rather than to become a party to your vile schemes, or to marry a man I do not love."

"Then I will send your breakfast up to you," said Mrs. Black. "I had hoped that you would go down with us. But to-morrow morning may not find you so obstinate."

She retired, and Celeste brought up a tray with bread and water. The French woman put the room in order and made up the fire anew, bringing in a huge back-log herself, which she dragged along upon a reversed chair. She went out without speaking.

The next day was like this one. Mrs. Black came in in the morning with her proposals, and retired discomfited. Then Celeste brought bread and water and put the room in order, and went out, to return at noon and evening with more bread and water.

Still Neva did not yield. Her imprisonment was telling on her strength, but her courage did not lessen. Her red-brown eyes glowed with courage and resolution from out a pale face, and her lips wore a smile of patience and cheerfulness which angered her enemies.

Upon the fourth morning Neva arose with a determination to make a bold attempt at escape. She could not render her condition worse in any event, and perhaps she might gain her freedom. While she was dressing she formed a plan, upon the success of which she felt that her fate depended.

"I begin to believe that Arthur will never find me here," she thought. "I must help myself."

She dressed herself warmly, secured her pocket-book in her bosom and her jewels on her person, and put on her fur jacket and round hat. Thus equipped, she waited at her window with keen nervous anxiety, her ears alive to every sound, and her heart beating like a drum.

At the usual hour Mrs. Black came in alone, as she usually came.

There was no one in the ante-room, as Neva knew, Celeste being in attendance upon Mrs. Artress, who grew more and more exacting of the French woman's services with each day.

Mrs. Black started as she beheld Neva in out-door costume, and halted near the door, looking suspiciously at her captive.

"What! Dressed to go out?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Madam," answered Neva wearily, yet with every nerve in her slender frame quivering. "I am tired of this forced inaction. I long for exercise, for the fresh air, and the songs of birds."

"You know on what terms you can have these blessings," said Octavia Black, still suspiciously.

"Yes, Madam, I know."

Mrs. Black's face brightened. In the girl's dejected tone and drooping attitude she believed that she read her own victory. She came toward Neva, her hard black eyes shining, her cheeks burning redly, her lips parted in an exultant smile.

"My dear child!" she cried, stretching out her hands. "I was sure the close confinement and prison diet would bring you to a sense of your duty. I have no reproaches to offer; I am too happy in the victory I have won. You have now only to take a solemn oath to marry Rufus Black on our return to Hawkhurst, and never to betray this affair at the Wilderness, and we will set out in the yacht this very morning on our return to Hawkhurst. You shall—"

Neva did not wait for the sentence to be finished.

With a furtive glance she had seen that the door was ajar, and that no one was yet in the ante-chamber; and so, suddenly, with a dart like that of a lapwing, she flew past Mrs. Black, sprang into the outer room, and locked the door upon her utterly amazed and stupefied enemy.

Then she sped across the floor of the ante-room and peeped into the hall.

The upper and lower halls and the stair-way were alike deserted. By some strange fatality, or providence, not one of the household was within sight.

Neva fled down the stair-way with the speed and lightness of an antelope. The front door was ajar. She pulled it open and darted out upon the lawn, and sped away amid the gloom of the trees. And as she thus fled, the loud shrieks of Mrs. Black rang through the house, rousing Mr. Black in the dining-room, Mrs. Artress and Celeste, and even the women in the kitchen.

It seemed less than a minute to Neva when she heard shouts and cries at the house, the barking of dogs, and the sounds of pursuit.

Neva dared not venture down to the loch, nor dared she risk an appeal to the sailors on board the yacht. Her safety lay in avoiding every one in the vicinity of the Wilderness, and she turned up the wild mountain side, with the idea of skirting the mountain and descending to the valley upon the opposite side.

The low-growing mountain shrubbery screened her from view, but it also impeded her flight. She bounded on and on, panting and breathless, but a horrible pain in her side compelled her to slacken her speed, and finally she proceeded onward at a walk. Her heart seemed bursting with the thronging life-blood, her head and body were one great throbbing pulse, and her feet grew heavy as if clogged with leaden weights.

Unable to proceed further without rest, she sat down upon a huge boulder under a protecting cliff to rest. The gray morning scarcely penetrated to the gloomy spot in which she had halted. The trees were all around her, and the winds made wild moaning among their branches. She could see nothing of the Wilderness, nor of any house. She was lost in the pathless wild, in the chill gray morning, with a drizzling mist, as she now for the first time noticed, falling all around her like a heavy mourning vail.

"At any rate, I am free," she thought, lifting her pale wild face to the frowning sky in rapture. "Free! O God, I thank thee!"

And then, with that prayer of gratitude upon her lips, with her soul raised to ecstasy of joy, there was borne to her ears the barking of dogs and the loud yells of men—the sounds of an active and terrible pursuit! The enemy was close at hand!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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—If nature had designed man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a churn, so that the more he drank the firmer he would stand.

WORK FOR ALL.

BY CALEB DUNN.

There is noble work to do—
Work for all.
Work of love and beauty too,
Work of good and duty too;
Everywhere the earth, the air,
The sky, the sea, the winds declare,
By all their voices grand and rare,
There 's work for all.

Every life more noble grows
Through labor done—
Labor which true goodness shows,
Labor which no baseness knows;
Labor which is meant to give
Good to fellow-men who live
Lives of virtue, and believe
There 's work for all.

He makes effort ne'er in vain
Who e'er strives
To do good, and tries to gain
The prize which sluggards ne'er obtain—
The prize which only toilers win
Who fight for right and combat sin,
And see that there are victories in
Labor well done.

Little labors ne'er despise,
All are good;
Often grandest works arise
From beginnings small. Be wise!
Proudly do whate'er may fall
To your hands; obey the call
Honor makes, and conquer all
The ills of sloth.

Let us then all do the share
To us given;
Labor's skies are always fair
When the laborers do and dare—
When they fear no frown or spite,
But, e'er toiling for the right,
Good they do in Heaven's sight,
And triumphs win!

BROKEN FAITH.

"Five o'clock!"

It was Hattie, my widowed brother's only child, who spoke, looking up into my face as she continued:

"They will be here soon, Aunt Mira, and I shall see Cousin Lois again. She must be greatly changed since we parted in Paris, nine years ago. We were but children then of eight and ten, but even at that time she was so wild and wayward I was half afraid of her. I am sorry she is coming here."

"Hattie!" I said reproachfully. "You would not have your father refuse a home to his orphan niece?"

"No. I am sorry she is left alone, and I will do all I can to make this truly a home for her; but," and Hattie sighed softly, "we are all so quietly happy, I dread any change."

"We may be still happier when you have a companion."

"Perhaps." And a musing fit fell again upon Hattie.

There followed an interval of silence, broken only by the dash of the rain against the windows, and the noise of the wind, as the storm raged.

"I wish papa would come," Hattie said, as a gust of great violence shook the house. "It is a dreadful storm. If Lois was not on the steamer, he will have his journey to New York for nothing. Did you send the close carriage to the station, Aunt Mira?"

"Yes," I answered, rousing myself from a reverie caused by Hattie's words of foreboding about our new inmate. Aloud I spoke no word, knowing the orphan would find a kind welcome, Hattie's gentle nature never allowing her to speak a cold or unkind word.

For twenty years I had not seen my sister, and Hattie had left her in Paris nine years before her death; but we both wore light mourning, more from respect for the orphan's feelings, than from any sense of our own bereavement.

I was still musing when the carriage drove up. Light, rapid footsteps crossed the hall, and Lois De Corrierre was in the room. She looked neither to Hattie nor myself, but sank down upon the hearth-rug, saying:

"I am frozen. Ah, this fire is superb. Hattie, come and kiss me. I cannot leave the warmth. Are you my Aunt Mira? I will kiss you when I thaw. Here is uncle! He will tell you about our journey. I am too cold and hungry to talk."

I drew an arm-chair to the fire for my brother, took his cloak and hat, and left the room to order supper. I could not repress a bitter smile as I glanced at my black dress, for the young girl crouching before the fire wore plumage as gay as a tropical bird's.

"Like parent, like child," I thought. "Clara was a heartless, selfish flirt, and eloped with a frivolous Frenchman. Well, she was rich, gay and courted. Is Lois as shallow?"

Later Lois explained the matter of dress in this wise:

"My entire winter wardrobe was just completed when poor mamma died. It was so lovely and becoming, I could not put it away to grow old-fashioned, and I was leaving Paris. Besides, black is unbecoming to me."

When I returned to the room, after ordering refreshments for the travellers, Lois was lying on the hearth-rug, her face supported by her hand, her beautiful dark eyes raised to Hattie's.

"You are very kind," she was saying. "I will try to exist here for two years. Then I am of age, and can return to Paris."

"You like Paris then."

"Like it!" she cried, sitting up, in her excitement. "It is paradise! Do you not die of *ennui* in this dull country hole, Hattie?"

"I do not find it dull."

"Saint Hattie! Are you a saint still?"

"I never called myself a saint."

"No, but you remember the name they gave you in the convent—the fair saint! Aunt Mira, you cannot imagine how angelic she looked among the dark-haired, sallow-skinned French girls, with her lily complexion, blue eyes and long golden curls. I was a little mulatto beside her."

The girl spoke with a half sneer, and I saw Hattie crimson, but the supper bell prevented any reply. With quiet courtesy my brother led the stranger to the dining-room, where her fatigue and cold seemed to vanish. She conversed incessantly and brilliantly, exerting every feminine art to fascinate her uncle, who seemed pleased but bewildered by a phase of girlhood so different from his quiet, dignified daughter. Lois was a brilliantly beautiful brunette, small and slender, witty, lively and fascinating: as great a contrast to Hattie as a gorgeous butterfly to a stately lily.

We had returned to the sitting-room, Lois again crouching upon the hearth-rug, when she asked abruptly:

"Hattie, are you fiancée?"

The rose tint deepened in Hattie's fair cheek as she said:

"I am, Lois."

"To whom?"

The question was answered by a new, hearty voice, saying:

"Good-evening all!" and John Rodgers entered the room.

Lois gave Hattie a glance as she acknowledged the introduction of the new-comer, and understood his position at once. My brother, pleading fatigue, had left us after supper, so John was the only gentleman of the party. I think it was an actual necessity of nature for Lois to flirt. Anything wearing masculine attire awoke the instinct, and she would greet the gardener and coachman with smiles never bestowed upon servants of her own sex. It was therefore impossible to resist the temptation to win John from his allegiance, and she greeted him with winning grace, keeping his attention the entire evening.

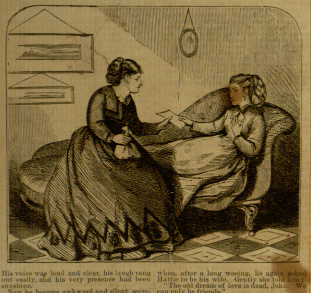
Hattie's face grew a shade paler as she noted the evident admiration of her betrothed for her beautiful cousin, but I think she never doubted his loyalty. Hers was too noble a nature for paltry jealousy, and John had been her lover from boyhood, her betrothed for two years. My brother loved the handsome, manly boy, whose parents were our nearest neighbors, and his mother loved Hattie next her own children. When they were betrothed, it was but the natural result of the long intimacy, and we were all pleased, but no one surprised.

That Hattie had given her whole heart to her lover I knew well, for my darling had no secrets from me. I knew that tender, loving thoughts brightened the hours spent in preparing the pretty trousseau wanted in the early spring. I knew that, quiet and gentle as our Hattie was at all times, there was a depth of love in her pure heart whose strength and intensity could never be guessed by outward tokens. Lois had called her a saint, with an unspoken sneer. I knew how nearly the words were true. Unselfish, charitable, kind, she lived for others. She was reserved, but truthful and frank when occasion required.

It took me but little time to see that Lois lived in an atmosphere of deceit. In the most trivial events of life she seemed to revel in a cloud of mystery. If she walked, she stole in and out of the house like a thief. Every letter she wrote to her Parisian friends was carefully concealed until she posted it herself. She spoke often of her life in Paris, but seemed never to speak openly or frankly, as was natural in a young girl.

After the first month of her residence with us, she ceased abruptly to exercise her fascinations upon John Rodgers, and restored him as it were to Hattie, a changed man.

He had been the frankest, heartiest of lovers. In face and figure he resembled an Irish gentleman, with curling brown hair, florid complexion, blue eyes, and strong white teeth. His voice was loud and clear, his laugh rang out easily, and his very presence had been sunshine.



Now he became awkward and silent, seeming to seek pardon from Hattie for some unspoken offence, in his tender attentions and cares. He brought her books, music, and hot-house flowers, and seemed to have studied a new code of wooing, very different from the boyish courting of old.

The winter wore away, and preparations for Hattie's wedding were becoming more active, when my brother, one morning, called me to his library.

"Mira," he said, handing me a letter. "I am troubled about this. Read it."

It was a rough epistle, ill-written and misspelled, informing my brother that his niece was in the habit of meeting, in her promenades, a foreign gentleman, who had lately taken a room at the village hotel—a man who seemed to lead an idle life, the letter stated, and who was registered upon the books as Jerome de Villeroy.

"Have you ever heard Lois mention him?" questioned my brother.

"Never. The name is new to me."

"Stop; let me think. Ah, it is a misfortune to be so absent-minded! My sister mentioned this man in her last letter, and I had forgotten. Where is it? Ah, here! Listen."

"One of my reasons," he read, "for desiring Lois to go to America is to separate her entirely from a gentleman she met a year ago at Baden, Mons. De Villeroy. He is a handsome, fascinating, but worthless fellow, who lives no one knows how, and who is in love with—*her money*. Lois is willful, fancies herself desperately in love, but is so capricious that I think separation will cure her of her folly."

"He has evidently followed her from Paris," said my brother, "and met her here. Will you attend to it, Mira?"

Attend to it! I looked at the speaker in stupid amazement. I knew he was absent-minded, absorbed in his books, but I had no idea mental abstraction could go so far as this.

"What am I to do?" I asked.

"I am sure I don't know," was the reply. "Tell her she must not see the fellow. I suppose we can't lock her up, Mira? No, of course not;" for I shook my head, and at the same moment the culprit entered.

She looked so beautiful in her gay morning dress and bright ribbons that my brother could not repress a smile of pleasure.

"Aunt Mira," she said, "Hattie has fainted in her room. I don't know what to do for her, so I came for you."

I hastened away, hearing my brother say:

"Lois, my dear, I want to speak to you."

I hastened to Hattie, and found her insensible upon the floor of her own room. It was destined to be a day of excitement, for the poor girl's first act of returning consciousness was to hand me another momentous letter. It was but a few lines from John Rodgers, begging a release from his engagement, pleading his own unworthiness and uncontrollable love for Lois. Lois! Deceit again! She had been so indifferent and cold before us, yet evidently giving him secret encouragement. My heart grew sick as I thought of the beautiful young face, the false, hollow heart. I tried to comfort Hattie, but she only kissed me sadly, and begged for a few lonely hours; so I left her.

I returned to the library. My brother and niece were still there, and, to my great surprise, John Rodgers. He spoke to my brother as I entered.

"I should not intrude upon you," he said, "but the landlord of the Sunshine House wishes to see you at once. One of his boarders has been arrested in the act of robbing the office safe of valuables, and insists upon seeing you, sir. His name is de Villeroy."

"It is false," cried Lois, with crimson cheeks and eyes blazing with rage. "He is no thief!"

"*You* know him!" cried John, turning deadly pale.

Indignation for once mastered the girl's deceit.

"Know him?" she cried. "He is my husband."

"Your husband!" cried John hoarsely. "Lois!" and his voice had a tone of agony horrible to hear. "You have sworn to be true to me—my promised wife!"

"Your wife! I wed a country clown!" said Lois, with a contemptuous laugh. "You amused me. That was all."

With a look it thrills my heart to recall, John sprang forward, but my brother grasped his arm.

"Enough of this," he said. "Leave us, John Rodgers. I have loved you as a son; now I bid you leave my house forever. Go, sir."

"Go to your saint for forgiveness," sneered Lois, as the wretched man staggered from the room. "Uncle, we must go to Jerome."

"Your husband, you say?" said my brother sternly.

"We were married in Paris, but I wished to keep it secret until I came of age, because you can deprive me of my property if I marry without your consent."

"I, child!" cried her uncle in horror. "I take your money! It is too late now to say I would have prevented this, but your money is your own."

"Come then to Jerome," said Lois joyfully; and I was left alone.

Money freely spent hushed up the affair of the robbery, and Jerome de Villeroy was released. Lois sent for her trunks, and left the village with no word of farewell for us. We heard of her sometimes, always travelling in Europe, but we saw her no more.

For many long days my gentle Hattie lay ill. Her heart blow had been so sudden and severe, that it prostrated her completely for the time; but she was no weak maiden to mourn inconsolably for a false lover. As she recovered strength, the name of John Rodgers never passed her lips. With quiet dignity she took her place among us again, a shade paler and sadder, but with no weak moaning for pity.

The summers and winters rolled away until ten more had been added to our ages, when John Rodgers suddenly returned to his home. We had heard occasionally, through his mother, of his wanderings, but no direct word came to us. The friendship between the families had never been broken, and soon he came and went as of old. I was not surprised when, after a long wooing, he again asked Hattie to be his wife. Gently she told him:

"The old dream of love is dead, John. We can only be friends."

"Is it because I am gray, worn and old, Hattie?"

"No. My youth is gone also. Forgive me if I pain you, but I cannot trust faith once broken, love I once have lost."

He could not move her. So we live our maiden lives, Hattie and I, striving by charity and kindness here to win our place in heaven in the great hereafter.

SCIENCE.

An ingenious safety lamp used by the watchmen of Paris when they have occasion to enter localities where explosions are liable to occur is thus described by the *Figaro*: "Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it, remove the cork, and allow the air to enter the vial, and then re-cork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. Thus prepared, the vial may be used for six months."

Mr. James Fergusson, an able writer on architectural subjects, has lately published a work in which he maintains that the prevailing notion which assigns a very remote antiquity to the rude stone monuments so widely distributed throughout the world is not supported by sufficient evidence to justify its acceptance. He thinks, for instance, that the so-called "Giant Cities of Bashan," instead of having existed in the time of King Og, a contemporary of Moses, were in fact not built until after the Christian era. Sir John Lubbock, an equally high authority on these matters, does not agree with Mr. Fergusson's general conclusions.

The Minister of Public Instruction of the kingdom of Italy has offered a prize of twenty-five hundred lire—about five hundred dollars—for the best treatise on elementary geometry "which shall adhere rigorously to the method of Euclid, and contain those portions of the science developed since Euclid's time, which are now to be found in all elements of geometry adopted as text-books in the classical schools of the most cultured nations." The award is to be made in 1873. It seems to us that there are several American mathematicians who might well compete for this prize.

The destructive plague of locusts which visited South Australia in December last is fully described in the latest newspapers received from that country. The swarms of insects darkened the air, and devoured every visible bit of verdure in the districts through which they passed. Larkspur and the castor-oil plant were the only vegetable objects which seemed to affect them injuriously; those which ate the leaves of the latter died at once. The Botanic Garden at the city of Adelaide lost all its beautiful lawns.

A red meteor with a green tail was seen by the gardener in the employ of the Rev. T. W. Webb, an English clergyman of scientific attainments, near Hardwick vicarage, Hay, on the evening of the 4th of March last. It appeared about one-third the size of the full moon, and its motion was from east to west, contrary to the usual course of meteors, which is generally opposed to the direction of the earth's motion, so that they meet the planet, instead of travelling the same way, as seemed to be the case here.

The natural history of Thibet is the subject of a long paper by Dr. Campbell in the *Phœnix*, an English magazine devoted to the interests of Eastern Asia. From this we learn that in Thibet there are neither fleas, musquitoes, maggots nor leeches; but the inhabitants are sometimes afflicted by what is known as *Goomtook*, or the laughing disease, characterized by the most violent laughter, producing severe pain in the throat, and resulting in death after a few days of suffering.

The British Meteorological Office prints a weather map every day, showing the height of the thermometer and barometer, the direction and rate of the wind, and the condition of the sky, as reported at a given hour by telegraph from forty stations. These maps are sent to any address in the United Kingdom, on payment of five shillings per quarter. Similar charts are published by our own Signal Service bureau, but we believe they are not furnished to private individuals.

A vein of copper studded with gold to the amount of about twenty per cent., has been discovered in Bolivia, near the Pacific ocean. It is in an ancient mine in the Mejillones district. So we learn from *Nature*.

A cure for drunkenness is said to have been discovered in the Nicaraguan waters of Nejapa, a quantity of which has already been exported from Central America, on account of its asserted value in this respect.

Professor Huxley writes from Thebes that his health has already received much benefit from his brief sojourn in Upper Egypt.

Phosphorus bronze is said to be superior to brass, as a material for cartridge cases. It is more durable, and one-fifth lighter.

The electric light is now used in one French and three English light-houses.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nelle, after a long and interesting account of her pure and innocent early life, says: "We moved to the city, and I there met one, a perfect stranger to us, but of irreproachable address and deportment toward us always. Not until he asked me to love him did I find that I *did* love him. I gave him I believe the one love of my lifetime. It would be impossible to tell you how that love awakened my hitherto slumbering nature into all the glorious hopes of womanhood that only a nature so hopeful and impassioned as mine could feel. After an engagement of seven months we were to have been married; and in just five weeks before the time my father found, from indisputable authority, that he was *such* a character! A liar, without honor, immoral to the core; I cannot tell you all that he was. It is sufficient that he was wholly unprincipled, and yet destitute of the small vices which come more readily to the surface. That was seven months ago. At first my heart was filled with thanksgiving for my escape. Oh, the utter, utter loathing I held him in! Wounded pride and indignation sustained me for two months. But, oh! the dreary reaction! For now for five months I have been falling gradually into a state so miserable, so different from what I was, so deplorable, I know, to my loved parents, and which, worst of all, is entirely beyond my control. I am utterly indifferent to all things. My heart feels dead within me. I have not the least wish or inclination for anything. Do all that I ever do mechanically, as it were, without energy; and I shrink from society, which once I enjoyed so much. I feel all this is unnatural to me, and grieves my loved parents and friends. I am not insensible to their wishes and concern, and though I have striven hard, oh! I cannot be again what I was. I cannot even control my thoughts, for in spite of myself I am continually going over all the incidents, and really live more in my past love-life than I live in the present. When I am not thinking of that I think of nothing. My health suffers, of course, very much, and I am always pale and dull. Our family physician says I have no physical malady. Oh, words cannot tell you how unhappy I am. I had better be dead than as I am—a drone and a sluggard, of no use in the world. I do not think I will ever recover from this cruel disappointment. And in shame and humiliation do I confess that I love yet what my whole soul abhors, and what I know I will never, *never* marry. Yet I am at liberty to marry him at any time—I mean, there is no forcible opposition of parents. What is your opinion of second love? I am nearly twenty years old, and feel almost assured I will never love any one to marry him. Oh, *Ledger!* can you not help me in some manner? My case is not exaggerated; would that it was. I am sorry my letter is so long. I shall await your answer anxiously. Am much obliged for the great pleasure you have always afforded me." We have great hope, from your clear perception of your own condition, and from your excellent training, that you will recover from this severe shock. You ought to be thankful for your escape. As to whether you can love again or not, that question need not be settled now. Do your duties faithfully, to your Creator and your parents. Find steady, sensible employment; indulge no romance. There is nothing lovely in such a moody life. Be wise, and you will be—not the same as before, but wiser and better; and if you are lovely, and some one that is lovable comes along, we predict that you will be able to love again. We shall be pleased to hear from you in 1873.

W. X. G. (Locke, N. Y.) says: "Being quite a reader of your paper, and knowing the great benefit derived therefrom have become quite strongly attached to it. Will you please answer a few questions that will greatly relieve my mind. 1st Should a young man (of 23 years for instance) who is attending college and is half way through, listen to the advise of parents who are dear & who advise him to stop here and loose the last half of a college course in order to study law now, rather than wait until his course in Colleges is done? Would he be better qualified for the bar by so doing? 2nd When was Noah building (at what date) and how long was he in building it? 3rd What is the expense of living in Germany, for a studet per year; what meanse has he of maintaining himself if obliged to work his way in part, and how long does it take for one who has the ability of reading & pronouncing the German languag with some degree of correctness, to acquire the ability of conversing with moderate ease with German scholars, or Germans. You will oblige me very much by conferring this upon me; for I am anxious to know the answers." 1. Without discussing the general principle we hope your parents will allow you to complete your college course. 2. All the reliable information we have regarding Noah is in the book of Genesis, to which you can readily refer. 3. A prudent student can live in Germany on five hundred dollars a year. We do not think you could do much toward maintaining yourself there; and as to the time necessary to render you perfect in German conversation, it is exactly as with the horseman who inquired how long it would take to bring him to the next city, and who was told, "That depends on the trotting."

A. S. S. (Covington, Ga.) says: "Believing you to be very correct in your answers to correspondents on most subjects, I now write for that purpose. I am a young man of very good education; am keeping books for a firm in this place; have been with the firm about one year. In the mean time, I have fallen desperately in love with one of my employer's daughters, whom I verily believe reciprocates my affection. I am very poor, and have nothing to begin life with but my salary, and that is not very large. Which would be the better plan—to offer my heart, and if accepted, ask her to become my wife, or wait until I am better situated pecuniarily?" This point can only be determined in view of many circumstances which your letter does not disclose, and which it is impossible for any one but the parties concerned to know. The education, social position, views, means and friends of the young lady are all elements in the decision. Do not count too confidently on the "reciprocity." From time immemorial young ladies have smiled on their father's "young men" without meaning much. On the whole, it may be well to delay the proposal till you have gained the entire confidence of the young lady's father.

Peter and Susan say: "Will you be so kind as to tell us through your valuable paper how we and all our family may subdue an excitable, agitated and discomposed disposition? We render each other very unhappy, and if our excitableness is not cured, a separation will surely be the result. I am so excitable I can't endure anything, and my companion is just as bad. Please answer immediately, and thus save us, and accept our gratitude." There are two forces in men, under the impulse of which they act—reason and conscience. Some things are purely matters of reason, as whether you shall wear a thick coat, or a thin; dine at three o'clock, or at six. Some are, besides, a matter of conscience, as whether or no you shall keep a beer saloon, or go to church. Now ill temper, you seem to feel, is unreasonable. Probably your conscience also condemns it. Then it only remains that you both act on reason and conscience. Of course, if you were babies, a nurse would have charge of you. If you were insane, you would have a keeper. But *sane adults* cannot usually be helped, if they will not of themselves obey reason and conscience. No one from without can control your choice. If you *will* to be excitable and unendurable, against reason and conscience, we are very sorry, but there is no help for you from man. Religious persons, usually recognizing the strength of temptation, ask the Divine aid to get the will made amenable to reason and conscience. But even this aid does not help as a tug-boat drags a barge, but as the engine of the tug impels it. In other words, the help comes through reason and conscience.

Old Subscriber says: "I have been a reader of your paper for the last ten years, and always upon getting it the first thing read is Notices to Correspondents, but have never as yet troubled you with any questions. I am twenty-five years of age, and am at present clerking in the finest, or one of the finest hotels in the West. Have had two years' experience as clerk in a store in Iowa, carrying a general stock of dry goods, groceries, clothing, etc.—sales about one hundred thousand dollars per ann.; also four years' experience in the jewelry business; am a practical workman. Now what do you think my chances would be in New York for obtaining a situation as travelling salesman for some good house? Am acquainted throughout Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. My address is good, and appearance the same. Have been told a great many times, by men of experience from your city and Boston, that it is a position I ought to get, for there would be no doubt but what I could make it a success. Could give any amount of good reference from this part of the country, but would that do any good in New York? Do you think I could get *any* situation paying a good salary from the first?" We think your prospects of success very good; at the same time success depends on many circumstances, and when you are *in* a position many men will say pleasant things to you, whose aid would amount to nothing if you were *out* of a position. Get a holiday, make a visit to the East, and survey the ground before giving up a certainty for an uncertainty.

Fidelis says: "In the *Ledger* of April 13th, the question is answered which demands of you whether it is etiquette for a lady to invite a gentleman to accompany her to a party, and this is your reply: 'We hardly think it customary, but it is done, not, however, by the most refined and self-respecting.' Will you have the goodness to inform me what a young lady is to do when she receives an invitation for 'herself and escort,' and yet has no male relative, father, brother, cousin, or even an affianced friend, whose duty it would be to escort her. If the young lady is still further alone, in having a mother who is ill, and cannot accompany her, is she then to trust herself alone in a coach driven by a coachman from the livery stables? Is it not then, under these circumstances, better for her to ask a gentleman, whom she knows to be one of honor, to accompany her as her escort?" We adhere to our answer, but give a dispensation to a young lady who has neither father, brother, cousin, nor lover, whose mother is too ill to accompany her, and who wishes to go to a party to which she and "her escort" are invited, to invite a gentleman of honor to accompany her. This exception does not break the rule.

H. M. D. (Albia, Iowa) says: "Will you please tell me, through your columns, why people eat eggs on Easter Sunday? In our country it is customary with a great many to have an egg feast on that day. I have asked a great many persons the same question, but have been unable to get any information. I would like an answer soon." The origin of the custom is said to be this: To the Eastern goddess Astarte, the egg, as an emblem of fertility, was offered at her festival. It was often painted gayly. This goddess is said to have been received in Central Europe as *Eastora*, and the eggs accompanied her, the more practical Europeans eating them in her honor. The custom is spread very widely both as to painting and eating them at Easter. See an article on the subject in our issue for April 20.

G. B. writes: "Can you propose a cure for jealousy and suspicion when it becomes a mania? A sufferer desires relief." Consult a physician who is skilled in the treatment of nervous affections. Take plenty of out-door exercise, and try to improve your general health.

J. C. had better, on the whole, remain with his father, whose prosperity he may naturally expect to share, than go to strangers. To have to work hard is a minor calamity.

Unhappy Wife says: "You are very kind in giving advice to your numerous subscribers, and I as one appeal to you for the first time. I have been married several months, and am very unhappy. I had known my husband but a short time, hardly a year, and often, very often I doubted whether I really loved him or not, as before I met him I had loved another intensely, devotedly, but circumstances would not permit us to marry. A week before my marriage I heard from my old sweetheart, assuring me of his love, etc. Then did I too late realize that I still loved him, and had only been infatuated with my husband. With tears and sobs did I tell him all, thinking he would release me; but no, he did not, and in honor I was bound to become his wife. Although I tried my best, still I could not be happy, which my husband saw, and the love or infatuation he had for me soon vanished. His conduct toward me is very ungentlemanly. He scarcely ever notices me. His object is to get rid of me, as he thinks I cannot stand such treatment. And then he tells me, 'in two years he would apply for a divorce, on the ground of desertion.' Aye, he has even told me how he thought I could get a divorce from him, by applying to the Legislature. His conduct would warrant me in obtaining it. I would hate to be divorced; the thought is terrible to me; but at times I think I cannot endure this wretched life. He will not agree to a separation; he could do so, as he is wealthy. What I wish to know is, could I compel him to support me from home? Or if not, should I leave, how to keep him from obtaining the divorce on the ground of desertion? By replying in your Notices to Correspondents, at your earliest convenience, you will confer a favor on one of your unhappy subscribers, and a very Unhappy Wife." We pity you heartily, but cannot aid you. The marriage was at first wrong; but now that it has taken place, it is your duty to use all reasonable means to make it real. When you have exhausted these means is a point which only judicious friends, who know the circumstances, can tell you, and the steps to be taken for your protection are to be by advice of a lawyer; and by no means put yourself in the hands of any but a respectable man.

Sorrow says: "Please, will you answer me one question? I have recently married a young gentleman who was thought by myself and friends to be in every respect worthy of me, but whom I find to be the possessor of a very high temper, which threatens to ruin my peace of mind forever. I find that the love I bore him on my wedding-day is surely dying out. And now please tell me what I can do. I have tried persuasion without any success. At times he will be all kindness, and at others will push me rudely from him, if I endeavor to expostulate with him. I am a constant reader of your excellent paper. Please, will you answer my question very soon?" We are very sorry for you. This high temper is excessively low; and the "gentleman" who can push his young wife rudely from him should know the loss he is risking, the misery he is making, and the contempt he is earning. You can only by a gentle and self-respecting manner guard against any occasion for such unmanly feeling, and hope that years will bring him self-control and wisdom.

Presbyterian (Baltimore) says: "I have been a constant reader of the *Ledger* for several years, but for the first time come to you for advice. I am nearly eighteen years of age, and have been employed for several years as a book-keeper in a manufacturing house. I have now arrived at that period of my life when I should take some decided steps as to my future course. My parents propose that I now make my choice, either to continue at my present employment, or learn a trade. Now, as I shall be wholly dependent on my own exertions in after life, this is a question of no small import to me. I am receiving a pretty good salary from my present position, with a chance for advancement. Do you think that with a good plain education, and a good trade, machinist, for instance, I could do better than continuing in my present course?" Being in a situation with a fair salary and a prospect of advancement, you had better, probably, continue, and apply yourself to a business life, save a little money, keep your eyes open, and become a partner or a manufacturer yourself.

Arlington (Washington, D. C.) writes: "Some time ago I made the acquaintance of a young lady, and afterward visited her quite often for about two months. At the end of that time I was called away from the city for a few weeks. Immediately after my return home I went to a ball with another lady. A day or two afterward the lady whom I had been visiting showed signs of jealousy by sending me a present which I had given her, accompanied by a note, accusing me of many things which I had never done, stating that she had received her information from a friend. I wrote to her to bring the proof of her accusations, instead of which she has been canvassing the neighborhood in which I live, slandering my character with all sorts of lies, and is still doing so. I have stood it as long as I could, and now come to you for advice as to what I ought to do." You merely suffer the common fate of mankind. Every one is slandered more or less. Rejoice that the evil said about you is untrue, and live so that no one will believe it.

Maggie (Boston) writes: "I have reached the mature age of twenty-two years, and have been engaged to be married for the last three years to a bonnie young man of the name of James. I am a native of Scotland, which country I left about a year ago. My intended promised to follow me out here in six months; but since I left Scotland, my dear native land, I have heard nothing at all about him. In the mean time I have been introduced to a very nice young American of good family, and we have fallen desperately in love with each other. I do not like to tell my new lover of my former engagement to James, as I am afraid he will throw me over. I am still unwilling to give up dear James, and I live in a constant fear that he will come abroad and meet my new lover. Can you, Mr. Editor, help me out of this trouble?" Make up your mind which you love best, and it is not likely the other will care to make you his wife, with a full knowledge that he holds only the second place in your affections.

Marion (Greenville, Ga.) thus mingles question and answer: "What is a 'printer's devil?' What is meant by these words: 'A Roland for an Oliver?' How do you parse the word *go* in this sentence: 'I had as lief go as remain?' I parse it as a verb, in the infinitive mood. Can the art of writing short-hand be learned without a master, from a book that costs only twenty-five cents? What is the difference between a clause and a phrase? Is my punctuation tolerable?" 1. A printer's devil is a messenger in a printing-office—usually quite harmless. 2. A "Roland for an Oliver" is a proverbial expression for blow for blow, "tit for tat." 3. We put the sentence into the form, "I would as lief or gladly go as not," and parse it accordingly. 4. Yes; time and pains will effect much; but it would be easier and cheaper in the end to have instruction. 5. A clause is a part of a sentence, a phrase not necessarily so. They are both used loosely. 6. Yes.

H. A. D. (Massachusetts) says: "I am a young man twenty-two years of age, and I have a good education both in English and French; and now, what I would like to ask you is this: I have a great fancy for learning the German language. I would give ever so much to know it, and I believe it would come very easy to me, as everything else does, and it would be a great help to me in my position. Please tell me if a young man, by having the assistance of a German, could learn to speak it plain enough to make himself understood without any trouble?" Of course he can. The time required would be different in different persons. Colored people usually acquire languages very readily. This was remarked by General Caleb Cushing during the Mexican war. He observed that our army had been in Mexico but a very short time before almost every officer's colored servant spoke Spanish fluently.

M. C. R. (Oneida) says: "Having been a constant reader of your paper for eight years, I now call on you for the first time for a little advice through your valuable paper. I am a young man twenty-four years of age, getting a salary of $900 a year in a hardware store, and what I want to know is this: I am engaged to a young lady whose folks are very wealthy, and she has always had everything she wanted. She says she loves me, and I love her. Now do you think my salary sufficient to support us both, if we live moderately, as we intend to do? I hope you will answer this as soon as convenient." Many young couples live comfortably in such places as yours on nine hundred a year. It may be presumed that your means will increase with increasing expenses. Let the young lady's friends know your exact position, and do not go in debt.

Puella says: "About a month since I formed the acquaintance of a young gentleman of high standing and unexceptionable character, of whom I think very highly. After remaining here for about two weeks, he returned to his home in another city, soon after writing me a friendly letter. Now my question is this: Is it proper for me to answer his letter in a friendly style or not?" The relations between this young man and yourself, and your family, and the character of his letter, are to be taken into account in forming a judgment. As you have not touched these points, the best advice we can give you is to show the letter to your parents, and do nothing without their approval.

H. R. L. (St. Louis) writes: "I visit a young lady of whom I think a great deal, and have been doing so for some time back. She has a sister a year or two younger than herself, who is receiving the attention of a young man who I know to be anything but a gentleman. Now what I wish to ask is, How am I to tell her this, and prove it?" You can tell it to her in the same way that you tell it to us. As to the way of proving it, how can you expect us to advise you, when you have not communicated to us the evidence? But one thing we advise you very decidedly: unless you are fully prepared to prove it, do not make the assertion, either to the young lady or to any one else.

E. (Easton, Pa.) writes: "Suppose a man marries and afterward deserts his wife within a year, how long will it be before his wife will be free?" In most of the States the law presumes a man to be dead after an absence of seven years, without any tidings from him in all that time. In some States desertion for a much shorter period is a ground for divorce.

D. S. writes: "I am about twenty-nine years old. In my early days I was always deprived of the company of girls. This causes me to be very bashful in their presence. How can I overcome this bashfulness?" Consult six different young ladies on the subject, and if no one informs you, apply to us again.

A. O. S. (Waverly, Iowa) asks: "Will you please inform me through your answers to correspondents where General George B. McClellan is?" General McClellan resides in this city. He is one of the recently elected directors of the Erie Railway Company.

Nellie asks: "Can Geology and Botany be studied and understood without the aid of a teacher?" Yes. Get any good standard elementary works on these two branches of Natural History, and you can study them both with or without a teacher.

D. (Amelia) writes: "When a gentleman sees a lady safe at home, what would be proper to say? How should two ladies be introduced to a gentleman?" He should say whatever he has to say. The gentleman should be introduced to the ladies.

Inquirer says: "Please inform me, if possible, what countryman A. T. Stewart is, and oblige a constant reader of the *Ledger*." Mr. A. T. Stewart is from the North of Ireland.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*